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THE THRILL OF THE CHRISTMAS CIRCUS: THE TIGHT-ROPE CYCLIST AND THE ACROBATIC TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS IN THE GLARE OF THE SPOTLIGHTS.

The Circus is always in season; but the present is the height of its Grand Season, and many and various are the "thrills" presented for the delectation of the youngsters and those elders who are graciously permitted to escort them to the ringside! A typical example is here illustrated—a tight-rope-walking and tight-

rope cycling act, with the artistes well lit by spotlights, and the customary net spread to catch them should they fall—a precaution that is seldom found to have been necessary and, more often than not, is used merely to enable the performers to provide a spectacular finale by diving from single rope to meshes!



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the middle of an Italian popular ceremony, or pageant of the sort some call "mediæval," with tools and emblems of trades like those of the old guilds, I suddenly remembered my boyhood: and a particular passage in Macaulay's Essays. Macaulay's Essays are now almost as distant as the Middle Ages; indeed, in some ways more dead than the Middle Ages. But they do exactly sum up and clarify the modern mood which was a reaction from the Middle Ages; and we are just sufficiently removed from it to compare the two. If Macaulay would not have understood what we mean by "the co-operative movement" or "the unit of the trade-union," it is because we have already grown so much more mediæval than he was. There was also, of course, something that was shiny and shallow about his style, which was the very reverse of mediæval. Nevertheless, Macaulay also had his mediæval virtues; he knew what he meant; he had the faith of a child in the rights of reason; and his chief fault was living within his own Victorian limitations, which was also the weakness of many mediæval writers, when they too confidently adorned their profound general principles with illustrations from the habits of the salamander or the moral lesson to be learnt from the unicorn.

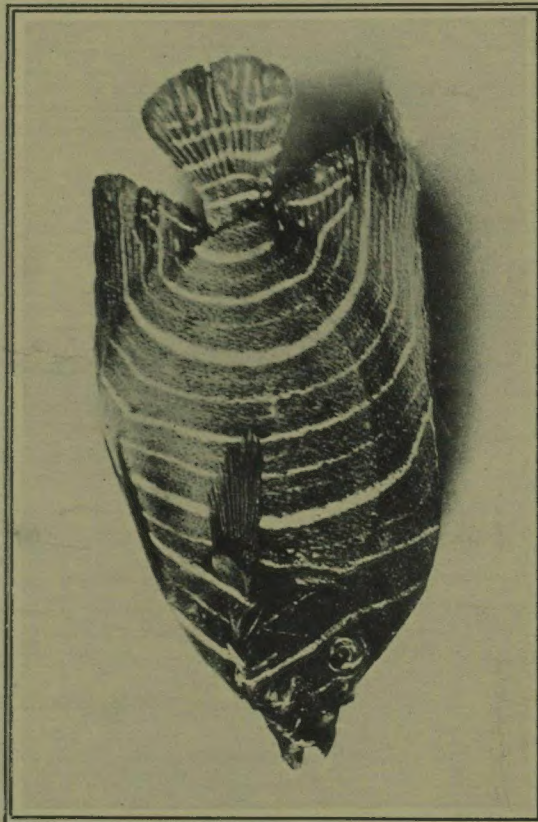
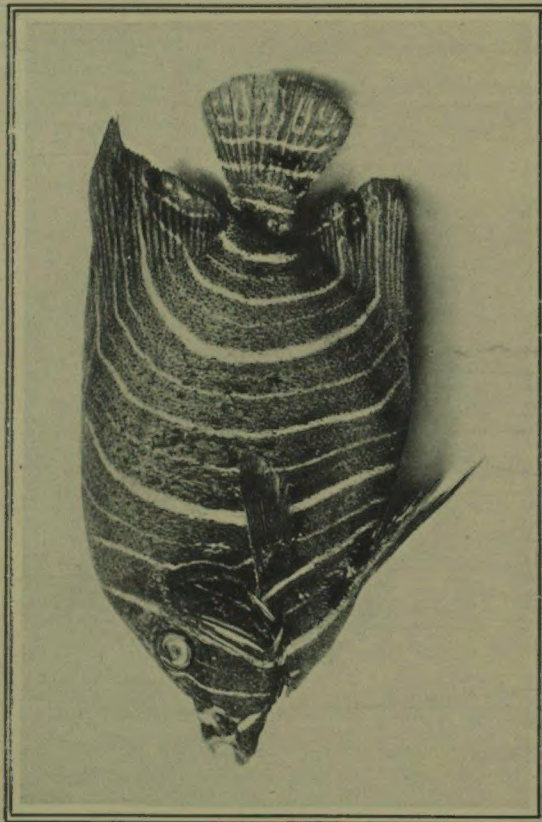
What is interesting about each generation of men is the things they never thought of. Mandeville and his age never thought of physical science built on detailed data like our own. Macaulay and his age never thought of a creed being the creative soul of a society, giving it an art and culture. Hence they never understood things that were and are still to be found in Italy or Spain, which are still called mediæval things, though they are in many ways increasing with modern developments. I know no better way of explaining what they are, and how they affect all our modern thought of religious unity or religious toleration, than by taking a single passage in Macaulay's famous essay commonly called "Gladstone on Church and State." Everybody knows that the great Gladstone, being then a young Tory and High Churchman, had written a book arguing that the State must have a State religion, because it must have a moral relation to other things. To this Macaulay replied with a remarkable retort, which exactly marks out the limits of his social life and its difference from the other. He answers triumphantly by saying that we might as well demand that a stage-coach company, or some sort of omnibus company, should have an official religion. An omnibus company, he said, also has moral duties. It is bound to take care of the lives and the limbs of its passengers; bound to treat its employees properly; bound to keep its word in business, and so on. Therefore, he adds with a hearty laugh, we should have an omnibus company calling itself a religious body. He is quite sure that this is a complete *reductio ad absurdum*; he is quite sure that all the men of his age are laughing with him. And so they were; it is their laughter that exactly marks their limitation—the limit of their power of social imagination and construction.

I suppose it would have surprised even Macaulay, and still more his readers, to be told that, if a mediæval State had an omnibus company, the omnibus company probably would have an official religion. It would probably have a patron saint: an advocate in heaven supposed to be protecting that particular omnibus company and no other. It would quite certainly have religious services invoking blessings on that particular omnibus company and pledging it to those social duties. It would have processions in the street on its feast day, carrying omnibuses garlanded with flowers, with the image of the Patron Saint of Omnibuses carried above torches or lighted candles; and perhaps an illuminated blazon of the company motto, whatever it might be—presumably "Quod Ab Omnibus." They still do that sort of thing in Italy and Spain; and that is what people mean by calling those countries mediæval. In that older sort of society, Continental or mediæval, all sorts of other

of Macaulay, I reacted early against the contentment with which his age accepted daily life as prosaic. I used to amuse myself with what seemed like impossible fancies of a poetry attaching to the common objects of daily life; about the pillar-box as a red goblin or the green omnibus as a fairy-ship. But what could only be the fairy-tale of Notting Hill could be any day the reality of Rome. In Rome there easily could be, and quite possibly is, a patron saint of postmen, who would be capable on occasion of thinking the red paint on a post as symbolic as the red robe of a cardinal. What could only be dreamed of in the north is really done in the south. Nor is there the smallest difficulty about applying the poetry to modern and mechanical things. In London also, in my youth, we had begun to put poetry into such things—or at least to put such things into poetry. But it never got very much beyond putting them into little books of poems. In some thin, expensive volume,

published by Mr. John Lane or Mr. Elkin Mathews (probably at the poet's expense), could be found phrases that compared the electric lamps to the beauty of lightning, or the underground railway to the caverns of the underworld. But the Italians would as soon stick a statue of St. Michael before a standard lamp as on a stone pedestal. They would think no more of putting up a medalion of the Virgin in the Underground Railway than in the Catacombs. These are, I think, advantages; but there are conditions. And one of the conditions is that people cannot do this unless there really is a single rooted popular religion, common to the whole community. Your omnibus company will have to do without its garlands and its graven images where the public is divided into different religious sects.

In Macaulay's day it was divided into a hundred sects, and therefore its public art was the worst that the world has ever seen. The few statues it did put up, of politicians and philanthropists, with whiskers and trousers complete, are still the eyesores of our streets. Its dress was the ugliest, its school of manners the dullest, its



A "RELIGIOUS" FISH WITH "ARABIC INSCRIPTIONS" ON EITHER SIDE OF ITS TAIL! A "DEVOUT MOSLEM" CAUGHT OFF ZANZIBAR—ITS SIDES.

Describing this fish (*Holocanthus Altrernaus*), which was caught off Zanzibar, a correspondent of the "Times of India" wrote: "... On the one side of the tail are the words, 'La-ilaha-illa Allah'—'There is no God but God.' On the other side, 'Shan Allah'—'God's Work,' or 'An Act of God.' ... Many of our readers who know Arabic will be able to see for themselves from this untouched photograph that the fish is a devout Moslem." We have shown the photographs to an expert in this country, who informs us that the letters are certainly intended to represent Arabic characters, but that there is nothing sufficiently distinguishable to enable it to be said that they mean what they are alleged to mean. A further opinion is expressed that the "inscriptions" may not be genuine.

secular bodies besides the State do have a religious side and a religious function. The Church is only established in the State in the same sense in which it is established in the workshop or the market or the factory or the family. They all have separate images, separate legends, separate services and dedications. This seemed utterly fantastic to the men of the nineteenth century, in the social situation of Macaulay. And he thought he had destroyed a proposal merely by showing that it might lead to so preposterous a state of things. Well, there was doubtless much to be said for Macaulay and his mercantile phase of history, but there is one paradox about it which it might be well to note.

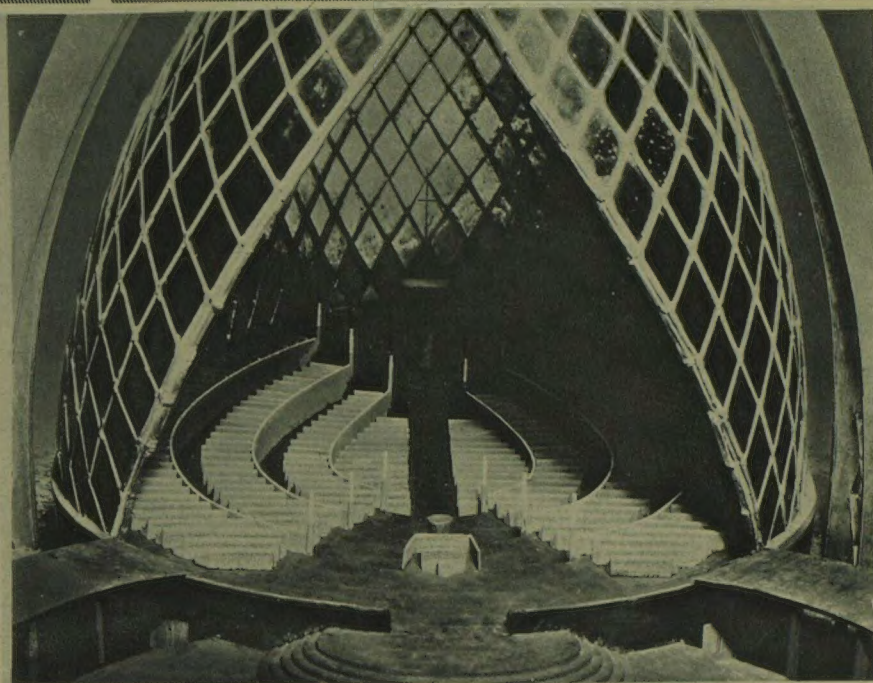
Just now, round about the season of Christmas, we may well consider amicably such a problem of festive forms. This practice does, in Italy and elsewhere, really do a great deal to brighten human life, to enlarge it, and especially to vary it. Having myself grown up, in my boyhood, under the shadow

general moral tone the heaviest and most sullen, of all the periods of the past. There was any amount of variety in religious speculation of a sort; but there was less variety in social behaviour than there had ever been before or since. The truth is that men had got so far from each other in spiritual isolation that they could not join even in a joke. They did not feel sufficiently in spiritual agreement, even about omnibuses, to give them a patron saint; their feeling was not really *ab omnibus*. The problem of religious unity and religious liberty is not an easy one. But it is not irrelevant to remember that fact—that, when men were most divided in doctrine, they all wore the same top-hats, trousers, and mutton-chop whiskers; and that, where men are united in doctrine, they can turn out wearing different clothes: wearing the colours or liveries of all their various trades and occupations, with twenty quaint ceremonies peculiar to each. Religious unity can look like a carnival and religious liberty can look like a funeral. But beyond that men are free to choose, not necessarily by looks.

THE GLASS AND STEEL CHURCH: A PROJECTED ALL-LIGHT EDIFICE.

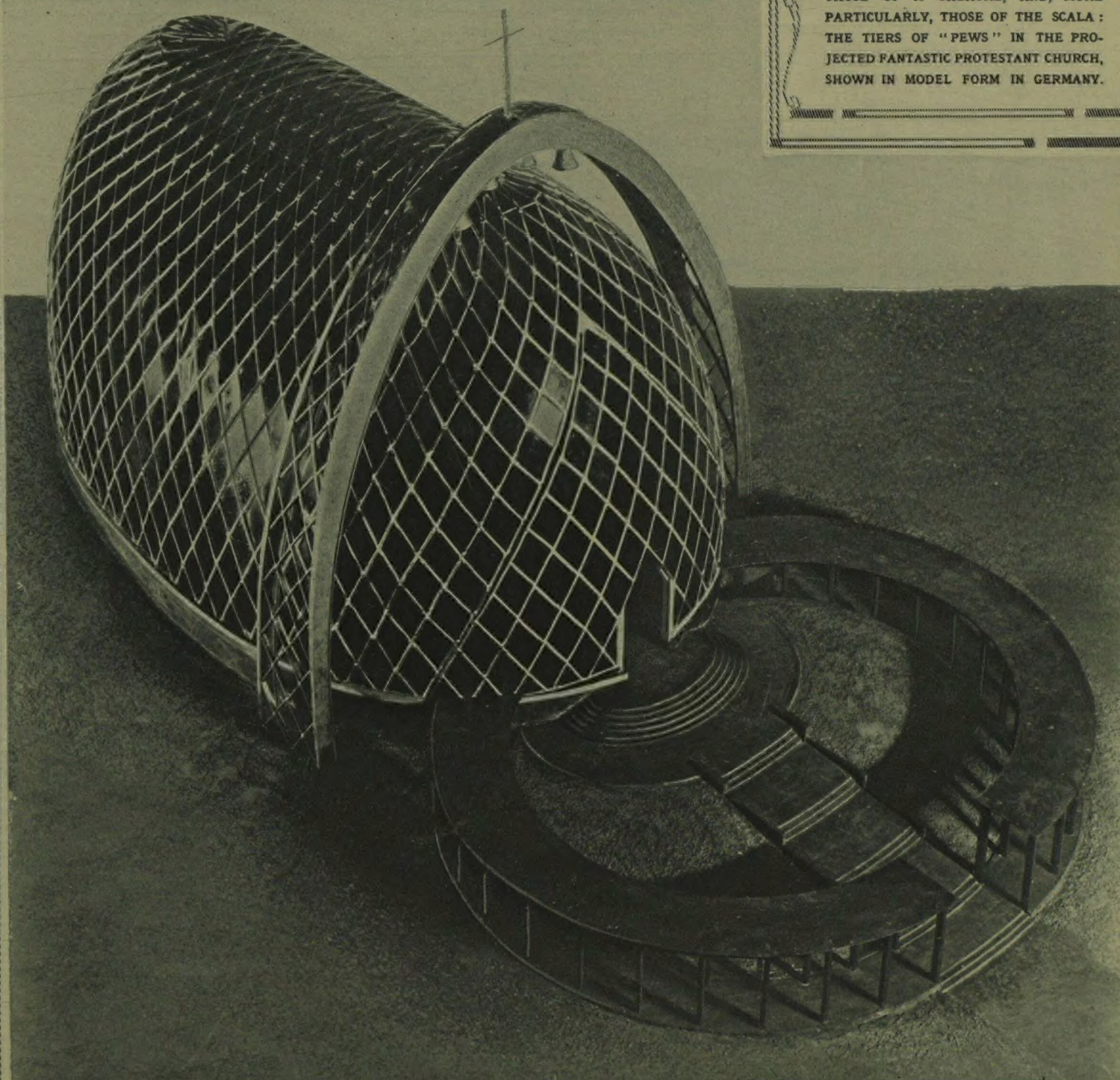


WITH CROSS AND BELLS UPON AN ARC: THE PROPOSED CHURCH OF GLASS AND STEEL AS EXHIBITED—IN MODEL FORM—AT ESSEN.



SEATING ARRANGEMENTS THAT SUGGEST THOSE OF A THEATRE, AND, MORE PARTICULARLY, THOSE OF THE SCALA: THE TIERS OF "PEWS" IN THE PROJECTED FANTASTIC PROTESTANT CHURCH, SHOWN IN MODEL FORM IN GERMANY.

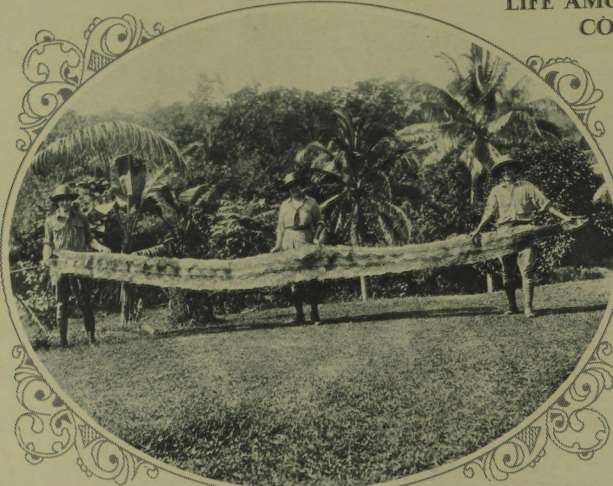
ALL WINDOWS—POSSIBLY IN DEFERENCE TO MODERN GERMANY'S WORSHIP OF THE SUN: THE CHURCH THAT IS A GLASS "ENVELOPE" STRENGTHENED WITH STEEL—SHOWING THE CIRCULAR COVERED "PROMENADE" IN FRONT OF IT.



Architecture on the Continent of Europe, and to some extent in the United States, has taken a decided turn for the fantastic of late years; but it is doubtful whether any building odder than that here illustrated has been projected. As is noted above, the church, which exists only in model form and may not get

beyond that stage, is of glass and steel: it is, in fact, an all-window, all-light edifice, designed, it may be imagined, in deference to the modern cult of the sun, which is carried to great lengths in post-war Germany. The steel is coated with white paint. The model is the work of Herr Grund, of Essen.

LIFE AMONG THE PIGMY DYAKS, OF BORNEO: MUSIC, LIQUOR, COOKERY, LOVE-MAKING, AND BLOW-GUNS.



1. THE COILING TERROR OF THE BORNEO JUNGLE: THE SKIN OF A HUGE PYTHON, OVER 25 FT. LONG, WHICH WAS CAUGHT WITH A WIRE NOOSE AND HAULED DOWN FROM A TREE, BUT DIED A FEW DAYS LATER—SHOWING ITS PROTECTIVE MARKINGS.



2. MUSIC OF THE PIGMY DYAKS IN BORNEO, WITH INSTRUMENTS—BAMBOO TUBES HOLDING



MAINTAINED ENTIRELY BY WOMEN: AN ORCHESTRA OF BAMBOO—THAT ARE POUNDED ON A HOLLOW LOG.



3. STRONG LIQUOR COMPARED TO "HOLLYWOOD GIN," AND NOT PROHIBITED! A DYAK POURING INTO ANOTHER'S MOUTH FERMENTED JUICE FROM A SPONGY BRANCH OF A KIND OF PALM.



4. DYAK COOKERY WITH NATURE'S "DOUBLE SAUCEPANS," OF WHICH THE FOREST YIELDS AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY: A WOMAN HANDLING RICE ROLLED IN A BANANA-LEAF AND STEAMED IN BAMBOO TUBES OVER AN OPEN FIRE.



5. WHERE KISSING IS CONSIDERED UN-HYGIENIC, AND OTHERS' EYES: COURTSHIP IN BORNEO—TWO YOUNG CHIEFS



POUNCE INSTEAD: RUB NOSES AND GAZE INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES—THEIR GIRL FRIENDS MAKING LOVE IN DYAK STYLE.



6. TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT: THE LEADER OF A DYAK TRIBE GIVING A LESSON TO BOYS IN THE USE OF THE BLOW-PIPE THAT DISCHARGES POISONED DARTS FIFTY YARDS.

These very interesting photographs were taken during a recent expedition to Borneo led by Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hutt. The following descriptive notes accompany them: (1) The skin of a huge python, 25 to 30 ft. long. After a meal the python crawls into a tree and sleeps for a week. He is hard to distinguish owing to the foliage being of the same colour as his markings. A piano wire snare was secured about the jaw-bone of this fellow, and he was dragged to the ground, but died a few days after being captured. Pythons are non-poisonous, but kill by strangulation. (2) The tribal music is furnished by women. Hollow bamboo tubes of assorted lengths are filled with varying amounts of water, and pounded on a large hollow log. This orchestra gives out quite a tune. The effect is a melodious drumming. Who knows but what such tubes may be the origin of the pipe organ in churches? (3) The Dyak pigmies have never tasted whisky, but concoct a drink of their own. The sponge-like branches of a certain palm-tree offer an abundance of sweet juice, which, if fermented, makes a beverage similar to Hollywood gin, and with quite the same effect. (4) Where the double boiler originated! By cutting a section of

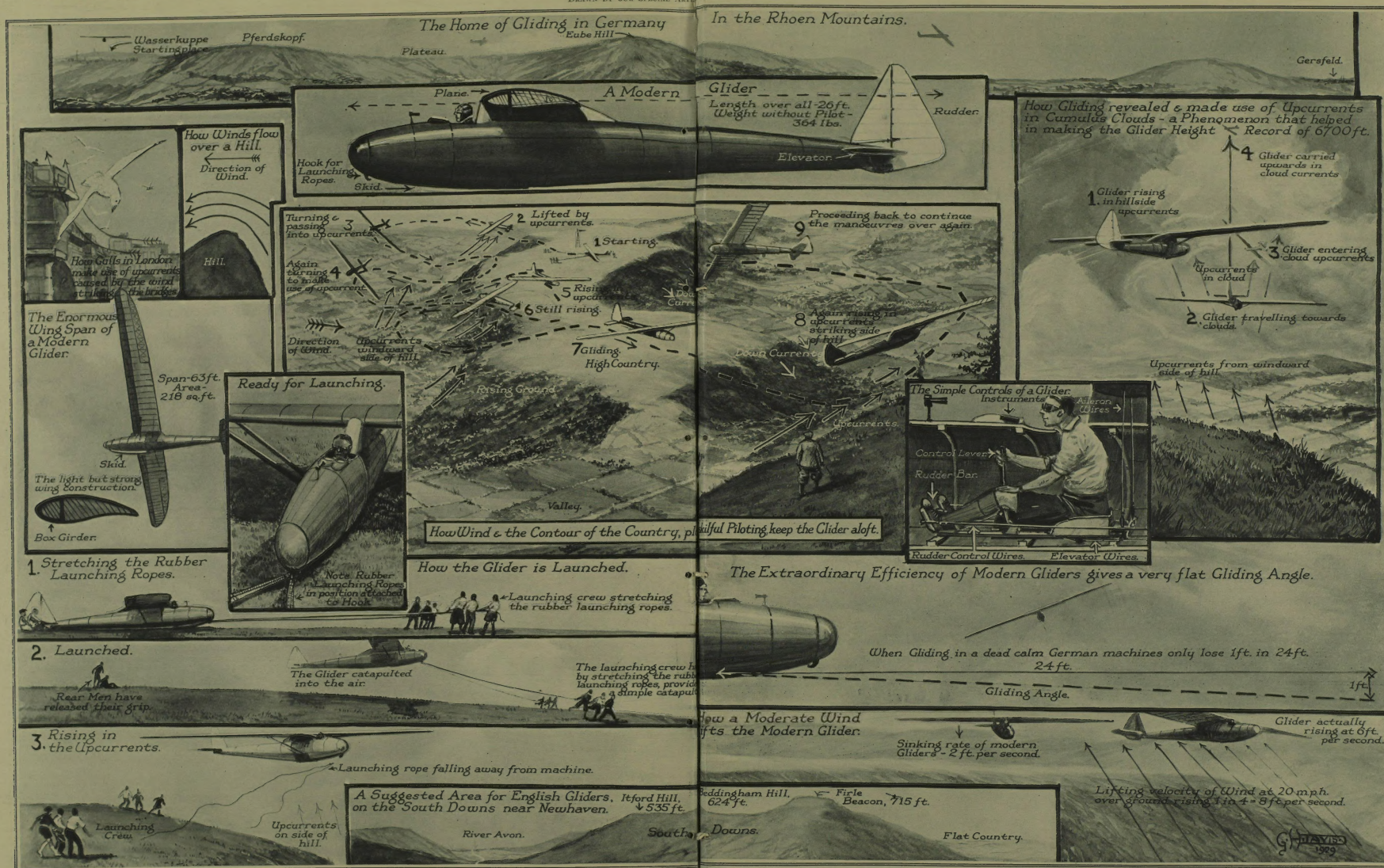
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE WILDS

green bamboo below the cross section, leaving a bottom, a container is made; into which rice rolled in a banana-leaf is inserted. This tube is then placed over an open fire, and constantly turned, and in ten or fifteen minutes the rice becomes thoroughly steamed. The tubes are then split, and the rice taken out ready for the meal. Dish-washing is unknown to Dyak housewives, as there are unnumerable tubes to be had for the cutting. (5) Love in Borneo!—the comical game of "neeseey nose" being played by two young Dyak sheiks and their girl friends. The Dyak pigmies believe kissing to be unsanitary, so they make love by looking into each other's eyes and rubbing noses. Borneo flappers—and their boy friends, too!—decorate themselves with lime and vegetable dyes. (6) The darts of the deadly blow-gun have poison tips made from coagulated monkey blood. Add the poison sap of the ipah tree. In shooting game, the poison deadens an animal's nerve-centres, but does not harm the meat. Dyaks can shoot, with accurate aim, an object as small as an apple at 150 feet."

BY BORNEO BY THE HUTT EXPEDITION.

THE COMING VOGUE OF THE GLIDER: A POPULAR GERMAN SPORT—MOTORLESS FLIGHT—ABOUT TO START IN ENGLAND.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



FLYING FOR MEN OF MODERATE MEANS: THE MOTORLESS AEROPLANE—"CATAPULT LUNCHING; SOARING ON UP-CURRENTS; A SUGGESTED GLIDING AREA IN ENGLAND.

For some years the pastime of gliding, in small aeroplanes without an engine of any kind, kept aloft by the pilot's skill in making use of air-currents has been gaining in popularity in Germany, until to-day the Germans are far ahead of any other country in this scientific and exhilarating sport. In 1929 we held gliding contests in this country, and, though the motorless aeroplane did not become popular, there sprang from this event the small aeroplane with a motor-cycle engine as a power unit, which has developed into the increasingly popular "light" aeroplane. Recently, however, there has been a sudden growth of interest in motorless flying, and there are now scores of enthusiasts preparing to go in for a form of sport so congenial to British instincts, and one, moreover, that brings the chance of flying to hundreds of young men unable to afford the more expensive form of being driven through the air by a petrol engine. At a recent luncheon held in London (on December 4) the new British Gliding movement was definitely launched, and Mr. Davis has been enabled to depict here the remarkable performances of the latest German machines, and explain to the uninitiated the manoeuvres

pilots to use the flow of air over high ground to keep their aircraft flying, and further to show how great heights can be attained by the use of up-currents, which have been found to occur in cumulus cloud banks. The design of gliders has been developed astonishingly. The wing reaches 63 ft. span, though the weight has been kept down and the planes so scientifically constructed that they have a wonderful gliding angle. Whereas the aeroplane is lifted through the air by its engines, the glider treats the wind as a friend, and, assisted by two flying instruments (an air-speed indicator and an altimeter), many German experts can fly in *uncanny silence* all day, and have reached heights of over 7000 feet. The Rhoen Mountains are the home of German gliding enthusiasts, and from the little town of Roßitten they set out winter and summer to ride the winds from the summit of the Wasserkuppe. There are many places in this country suitable for gliding. We have illustrated but one spot, on the Sussex Downs, within an easy motor run of London and adjacent to Newhaven. Quite possibly, numerous gliders will be put in hand at once to get ready for real work in the spring and summer of 1930.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

At a time of year when some of us contemplate adding a slab or two to a certain pavement by forming good resolutions, it may not be unfitting to contrast a few records of life well lived with other works about persons, not so well-conducted, who, if they ever made New Year resolutions, omitted to keep them. Being myself, of course, on the side of the angels, I will allow them to bat first.

The choice of a book with which to open the innings was not difficult, for my list includes "EDWARD P." A New and Intimate Life Story of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. By Evelyn Graham. Illustrated (Ward Lock; 12s. 6d.). There is no preface to specify the actual degree of intimacy or to claim royal sanction for the work, but the publisher's leaflet states that "the author has made the most of exceptional opportunities." Moreover he begins by stating: "Not long ago I shook hands with the Prince of Wales." Mr. Graham, therefore, obviously writes from personal knowledge, and I may also recall that he assisted Sir George Aston in an official biography of the Duke of Connaught which was noticed on this page three weeks ago.

Abundant material for a life of the Prince of Wales exists, of course, in the newspaper files of the last few decades. Whatever his own sources may have been, Mr. Evelyn Graham has written an interesting and companionable book which, while free from adulation, renders adequate tribute to the Prince's career and personality. The author's gossip style and fund of anecdote lure the reader on from page to page. There is also an interesting glimpse, appropriate to mention here, of the Prince of Wales as a bookman. "His bookshelves," we read, "reveal his taste for fiction and for volumes dealing with naval and military matters. It was rather a surprise when the Prince visited the late Thomas Hardy, O.M., as it had not been thought that Hardy's sombre outlook on life would appeal to the Prince. He lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Hardy at their home in Dorchester, and his talk with the great novelist revealed a sincere appreciation of his books. The Prince also enjoys sportsmen's reminiscences, and has quite a number of volumes on his shelves written by experts on golf, football, cricket," and so on.

I regret to notice that many publishers nowadays fail to provide that very necessary appendage to biographical and historical works—an index. This omission occurs both in the book just mentioned and in the "LIFE OF ALFRED NOBEL." By Professor Henrik Schück and Ragnar Sohlmann. Illustrated (Heinemann; 21s.). Here at last we have the long-awaited authoritative biography of the great Swedish chemist and engineer, issued under the auspices of the Nobel Institute. The translation, which is the work of Brian and Beatrix Lunn, is a good piece of work, judging from its smooth and natural style.

I have often speculated as to the motives and mentality of the man who, having amassed an immense fortune from the invention and manufacture of dynamite and other destructive explosives, left the bulk of his money for the promotion of peace, as well as of science and literature. Was it, I wondered, in the nature of those payments which the Chancellor of the Exchequer occasionally receives under the heading of "Conscience Money"? Full light is shed on this question in the chapter entitled "Nobel and the Peace Movement." "Nobel's first great invention, dynamite (we read), was not intended for military purposes, but was essentially meant to be a scientific aid in industrial undertakings such as quarries. It was not until the middle 'eighties that Nobel devoted his activities to military problems. What attracted him was undoubtedly the problem itself from the purely scientific point of view. . . . On the other hand, he could not but be sensitive to the incongruousness of his work with the pacific sentiments to which he had been attracted since his youth."

It appears that Bertha von Suttner, author of a pacifist novel, "Ground Arms," considered herself the chief cause of Nobel's interest in peace movements. Her claim, however, is not here upheld. "After all," it is declared, "Shelley was the writer who made the deepest impression upon him. Shelley's pacifism furnished the basis of Nobel's interest in peace." Elsewhere the authors say: "The famous chemist and experimenter in explosives was at heart a poet." Some specimens of English blank verse by Nobel are given, and we learn that he challenged direct comparison with Shelley by

writing a drama (in Swedish) on the tragedy of Beatrice Cenci. He has also left two unfinished novels called "Brothers and Sisters" and "In Lightest Africa," developing respectively his views on religion and politics.

There are also many interesting extracts from Nobel's letters discussing the peace problem. The year before his death (in 1896), he thought of acquiring a newspaper. To a nephew who had imagined his motive to be an extension of his industrial interests he wrote: "It is one of my peculiarities that I never consider my private interests. My policy as a newspaper-owner would be to use my influence against armaments and such medieval survivals, but to urge that if they are to be manufactured they should be manufactured at home." In the same year, when he was discussing the provisions of his famous will, he said: "I am an out and out Social Democrat."

Nobel had no illusions as to human greatness. To a brother who was investigating the family history and had asked him for reminiscences, he supplied the following data: "Alfred Nobel—his miserable existence should have been terminated at birth by a humane doctor as he drew his first howling breath. Principal virtues: keeping his nails clean and never being a burden to anyone. Principal faults: that he has no family, is bad tempered, and has a poor digestion. One and only wish: not to be buried alive. Greatest sin: that he does not worship Mammon. Important events in his life: none. . . . Why do you want to torment me with biographical essays? No one reads such essays except about actors and murderers, preferably the latter, whether they have carried out their impressive deeds at home or on the field of battle." On this last dictum, by the way, a soldier might make some pointed comments.

In dividing the sheep from the goats, as it were, I shall have little space for the latter, so that severe compression is now indicated. I do not, of course, include a learned Judge among the goats, but, since the book now to be mentioned is quite as much concerned with the criminals he sentenced as with his own career, it enables me to pass from one side to the other of the judgment seat. We are already familiar with the author's name, for the work in question is "LORD DARLING AND HIS FAMOUS TRIALS." An Authentic Biography, prepared (for publication) under the personal supervision of Lord Darling. By Evelyn Graham. With Coloured Frontispiece and twenty-three other Illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.).

Besides an interesting study of Lord Darling himself, as Judge, politician, wit, poet, and sportsman, this volume records various celebrated murder cases which he tried, including those of Stinie Morison, Armstrong, "Chicago May," the Seddons, Kitty Byron, Crippen, and "Brides-in-the-Bath" Smith, besides three other famous cases unconnected with murder—those of Sir Roger Casement, the Romney picture, and "Mr. A." There is also a discussion of Lord Darling's views on capital punishment, and some of his speeches are given in appendices. The necessary index here is not lacking.

I proceed now to name several other books of merit and distinction which readers will be able to classify, without difficulty, on the lines which I have already suggested. Travels, philanthropic enterprises, and royal friendships are matters much talked of in "MORE CRACKS WITH 'WE TWA.'" By the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen. With thirty-eight illustrations (Methuen; 15s.), a charming sequel to "We Twa," from the same fount of conjugal recollection. The legal profession is worthily represented, again, in "CONCERNING MANY THINGS." By His Honour Judge Parry. (Cassell; 21s.), a collection of sixteen delightful essays to which the distinguished author applies the term "babbling," which he defends from contempt. I would rather suggest that, on the analogy of "pleasant Birrelling," we should call them "pleasant Parrying." I see no mention of murderers, but at least four of the essays have to do with actors.

Problems of war and peace, as they arose in the American Civil War, are discussed incidentally in a notable memoir to which I hope to return later—"THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT." By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, author of "Tanks in the Great War." Illustrated (Murray; 21s.). Socialism and pacifism are leading motifs in a study of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, namely, "PHILIP SNOWDEN." An Impartial Portrait. By "Ephesian" (C. E. Bechhofer Roberts). With Frontispiece (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). Next we come to two volumes associated, respectively, with the genesis and results of two great revolutions. One is "THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU—1712-40." From the latest Sources. By Arthur Lytton Sells, Lecturer at Cambridge. With Foreword by O. H. Prior, Professor of French at Cambridge. Illustrated (Cambridge: Heffer; 8s. 6d.). The cognate work is "THE RED ARCHIVES." Russian State Papers and Other Documents of 1915-18. Selected and Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Translated by A. L. Hynes. With an Introduction by Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright. Illustrated (Bles; 16s.).

Judge Parry (who, if I recollect aright) has handled the same subject himself) will not be the only reader to derive a fearful joy from the harrowing story told in "THE BLOODY ASSIZES." Edited by J. E. Muddiman, Editor of "The Trial of King Charles I." Illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d.), an addition to the well-known series of Notable

(Continued on page 1162.)



NEWLY DISCOVERED GLORIES OF ANCIENT ROME REVEALED IN THE HEART OF THE MODERN CITY: THE SEMI-CIRCULAR MARKET OF TRAJAN (CENTRE FOREGROUND) COMPLETELY EXCAVATED—A GENERAL VIEW.—[See also opposite page.]



THE GREAT MARKET OF TRAJAN RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT ROME: THE SOUTHERN HEMICYCLE—SHOWING THE GRILLO TOWER (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND THE LODGE OF THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

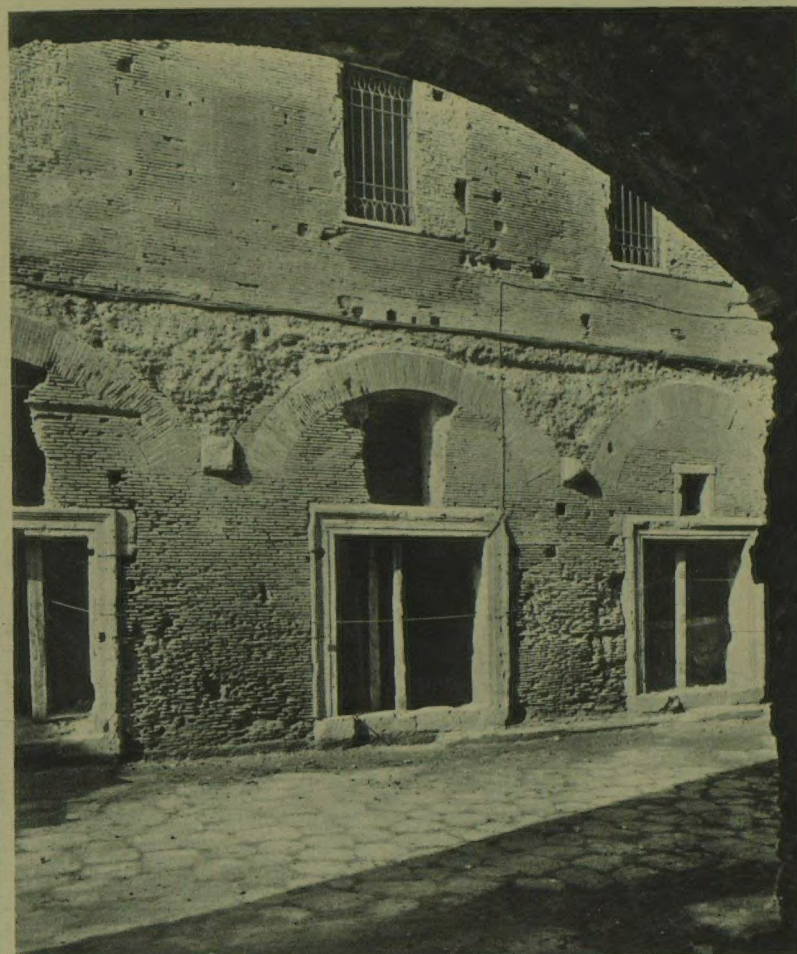
"The great archaeological work undertaken by the Fascist Government in the Imperial Forums at Rome, during 1929," writes Professor Halbherr, "has been concluded with the complete excavation of the Market of Trajan, the first discovery of which was announced and illustrated in the issue of this journal of January 19. The great terraced structure of the imperial architect, Apollodorus of Damascus, has now been entirely brought to light, forming one of the most splendid and peculiar monuments of ancient Rome. Planned originally to screen the steep slope of the Quirinal, above the Basilica Ulpia, and to overcome, by means of hidden stairs, the difference of levels between the Forum and the hill-top, it was built as a market, by the Emperor's command, in order to lodge there shops and merchants of the demolished tabernae of the Roman Forum."

Photograph by Courtesy of the Municipality of Rome and Signor Faraglia.

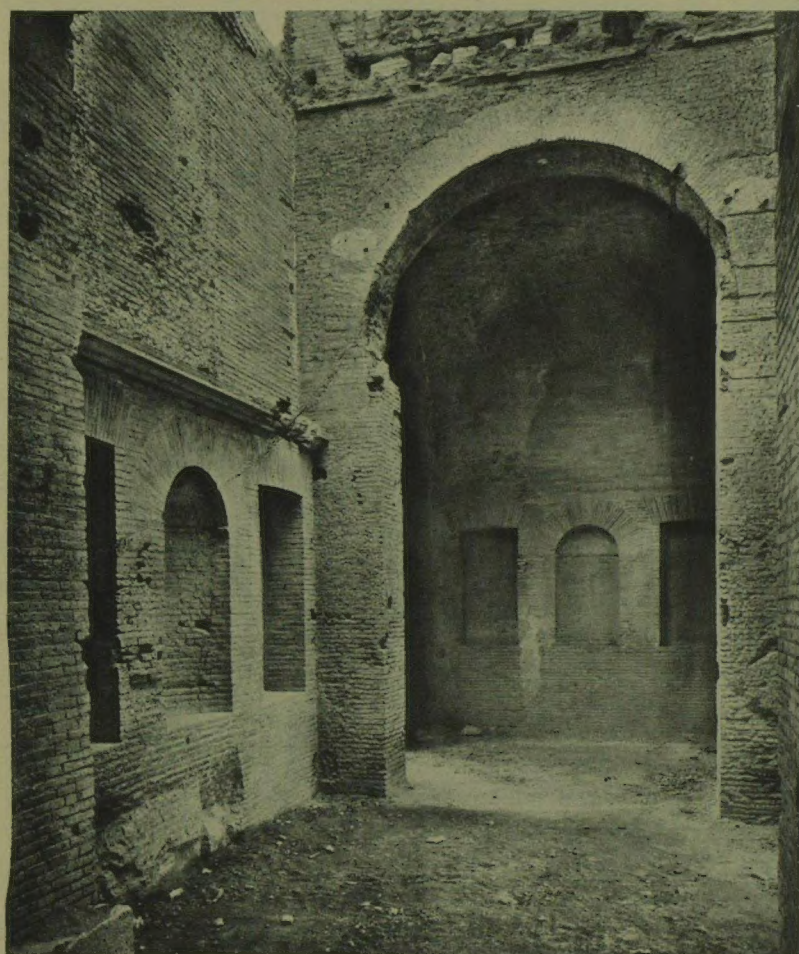
A SHOPPING CENTRE OF ANCIENT ROME: THE MARKET OF TRAJAN.



1. WHERE THE LADIES OF IMPERIAL ROME, IN THE SECOND CENTURY, DID THEIR "CHRISTMAS" SHOPPING: TRAJAN'S MARKET—ANCIENT SHOPS IN THE VIA BIBERATICA RECENTLY DISCOVERED ALMOST INTACT.



2. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ANCIENT STREET KNOWN AS THE VIA BIBERATICA: A VIEW SHOWING AN ARCH AND SOME OF THE SHOP WINDOWS IN THE GREAT MARKET OF TRAJAN.



3. AN ADDITION MADE BY THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO THE MARKET OF TRAJAN: TWO CHAMBERS OF ANOTHER ANCIENT ROMAN BUILDING EXCAVATED BEHIND THE MARKET, WITH NICHE FOR STATUES.



4. PROBABLY A COMMERCIAL COURT OR A *PRÆTORIUM*: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS ADDED AT THE BACK OF TRAJAN'S MARKET IN THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.

As noted on the opposite page, Trajan's Market has now been completely excavated, and Professor Halbherr sends us the following extract from a report on the work by Senator Corrado Ricci, the distinguished archaeologist who succeeded the late Professor Lanciani as chief director of excavations in Rome. "The Market of Trajan," he writes, "rises on a semi-circular plan east of the Basilica Ulpia, and contains on its ground floor 11 large shops with high windows. Two stairways, one at each end of the hemicycle, led to the first floor, where 21 more shops are ranged along two corridors. Mounting again to an upper level, a long curvilinear terrace is found, running along the top of the hemicycle, with a building at the back faced by shops and storehouses. The Market extends in various directions, following the ancient Via Biberatica, which runs between a double row of shops, and reaches, through a covered gallery with 24 shops, the modern street of Campo Carleo. The total number of shops discovered is 150, to which

access was gained from the Forum below by means of two entrances, provided with the stairs described; from the Suburra, through a great arch opened at the south-west end of the Via Biberatica; from the Quirinal straight southwards; and from the Via Flaminia, turning around the Temple of Trajan—five roads leading from the heart of the city to the central Bazaar. Another public building with large rooms and vaulted corridors, but without shops, probably added to the Market by the Emperor Hadrian, has been discovered by excavating ground at the back. It was probably a commercial court, or perhaps a *prætorium*."

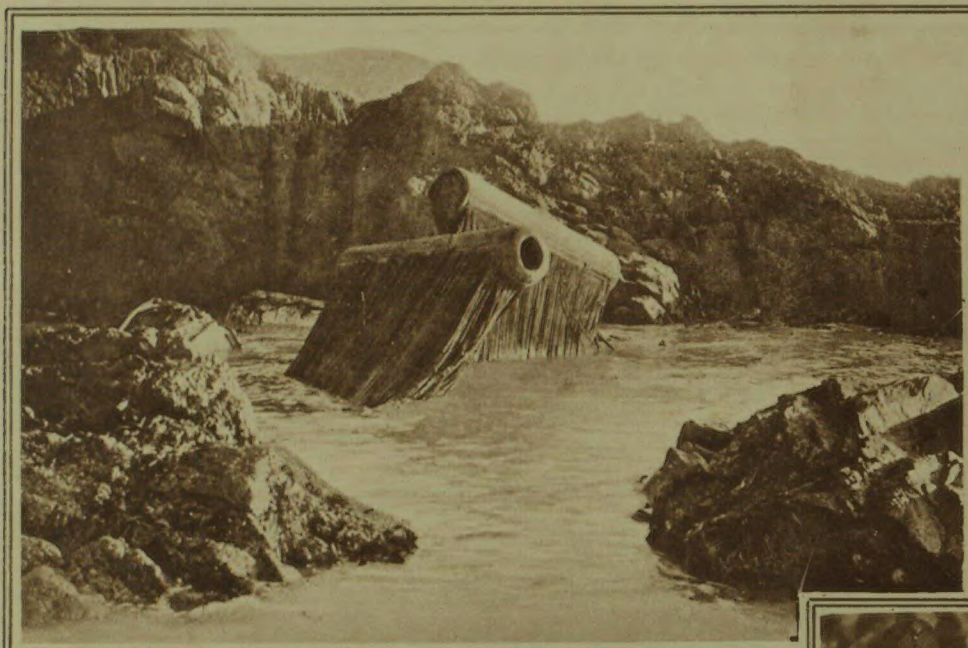
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 2 AND 3 BY COURTESY OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF ROME AND SIGNOR FARAGLIA. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE WINTER SPORTSWOMAN AS AIR TRAVELLER: SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS BOARDING AN AEROPLANE AT CROYDON FOR AN ALPINE HOLIDAY.

Air travel has now become a matter of course, for those who are in a position to indulge in it, and wish to reach their destination in the shortest possible time. The rapidity of transit possible in an aeroplane has obvious advantages for winter-sport enthusiasts who have only a short holiday at their disposal, as at Christmas-time, and who want to spend every moment they can on the snow slopes of Switzerland.



AN OLD DESTROYER WRECKED ON HER LAST VOYAGE—TO THE SHIP-BREAKING YARD: REMAINS OF THE "TORMENTOR" ON THE PEMBROKE COAST. The old destroyer "Tormentor," recently sold out of the Navy, was lately reported missing with her crew of four. She was on her way from Sheerness to Troon to be demolished in tow of a tug, when the tow-rope parted during a gale and rainstorm near Milford Haven, and the tug lost sight of her. Wreckage bearing the name "Tormentor" was afterwards washed ashore at Manorbier, Pembrokeshire, and it was feared the crew were drowned.

THE GIANT ITALIAN BOXER'S VICTORY OVER THE GERMAN HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION: PRIMO CARNERA (RIGHT) AND FRANZ DIENER, ON THE BEST OF TERMS BEFORE THEIR FIGHT, SEATED TOGETHER ON THE SCALES WHEN THEY WEIGHED-IN.

The fight between Primo Carnera, the giant Italian boxer, and Franz Diener, the German heavy-weight champion, who had scored a success over him in two rounds at Leipzig last summer, ended this time in a decisive victory for Carnera. He not only out-boxed his opponent in the course of six rounds, but displayed admirable restraint and good humour throughout the contest, in unexpected contrast to his mood in some previous encounters. The fight was stopped by the referee in the sixth round, when Diener was receiving severe punishment and obviously had no chance of winning.



ENTERTAINMENT FOR RUSSIAN SOVIET TROOPS ON THE FAR-EASTERN FRONT: A TYPICAL AUDIENCE, WITH GENERAL "BLUCHER" (LEFT) IN THE FRONT ROW.

We gather from a note supplied with this photograph that it was taken at an entertainment provided for Soviet troops in the Far East, at Khabarovsk. A message from Mukden of December 18 stated that the Government there was pressing for the withdrawal of all the Soviet forces in Chinese territory as a preliminary to negotiations for settling the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute.



THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT ARRIVES IN RUSSIA: SIR ESMOND OVEY (CENTRE) AT MOSCOW.

Sir Esmond Ovey was recently appointed to represent this country in Brazil, but before the time came for him to leave for Rio de Janeiro he received a new appointment—that of British Ambassador in Moscow. Our photograph was taken on his arrival there, at the railway station. On the left is M. Kogan, Director of the Western Department of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, and on the right M. Florinski, Director of the Protocol Department.



THE EXTRAORDINARY "MASS-MURDER" TRIAL IN HUNGARY: FOUR WOMEN (THE FIRST BATCH OUT OF THIRTY-ONE ACCUSED) SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY.

A sensational trial for wholesale murder by arsenic poisoning began on December 12 at the little town of Szolnok, in Hungary. The motives are alleged to have been land hunger and the inheritance of property. Of thirty-four accused, no fewer than thirty-one were women, aged from twenty to seventy, from the village of Nagyrev. After a chance discovery of arsenic in a body washed up by the river Tisz, near this village, 50 bodies of men were exhumed. The accused were brought up in batches, and our photograph shows the first four prisoners, who, it is reported, were all found guilty.



NEW RUMANIAN COINAGE MADE IN LONDON: THE DIE—WITH THE BOY-KING'S HEAD.

The Royal Mint in London recently received an order from the Rumanian Government for the coinage of 50,000,000 20-lei and 60,000,000 5-lei pieces in a new alloy. The obverse of both pieces bears the head of the young King Michael of Rumania. The first consignment was due at Christmas.

THE LONG-DISTANCE MONOPLANE DISASTER: THE FAIREY THAT CRASHED.



BEFORE THE TRAGIC FLIGHT WHICH ENDED IN THE WRECKING OF THE RECORD-SEEKING AIRCRAFT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TUNIS AND THE DEATH OF THE TWO PILOTS: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT N. H. JENKINS (LEFT) AND SQUADRON-LEADER A. G. JONES-WILLIAMS STANDING BY THE FAIREY J.949.

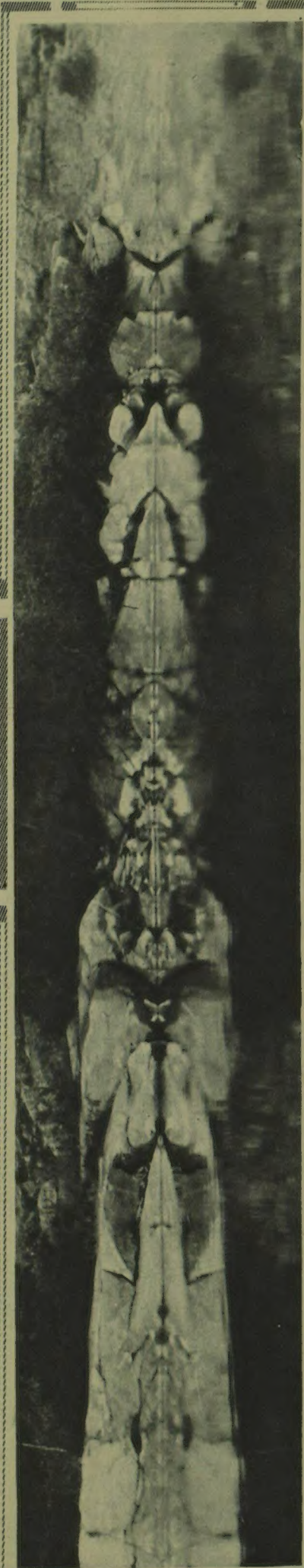


THE ILL-FATED MACHINE IN WHICH THE ATTEMPT WAS BEING MADE TO FLY NON-STOP FROM CRANWELL TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE FAIREY MONOPLANE THAT WAS PILOTED BY SQUADRON-LEADER A. G. JONES-WILLIAMS AND FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT N. H. JENKINS, AND CRASHED NEAR TUNIS, SEEN IN THE AIR.

The Fairey long-distance monoplane which made a non-stop flight to India in April last started from Cranwell soon after dawn on December 17, in an endeavour to fly to South Africa, and, further, by traversing 4975 miles without stopping, to set up a new world record for long-distance flight. The pilots were Squadron-Leader A. G. Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant N. H. Jenkins, who piloted it on the other occasion. The total load of the machine was 17,000 lb., including 1157 gallons of fuel. The aircraft was reported south of Paris at noon on the day of the start; then over the coast near Marseilles; then off the coast of

Sardinia. Then there was silence as to its movements, and anxiety began to grow. Shortly before midnight on December 18, the Air Ministry announced: "The long-distance monoplane crashed in the neighbourhood of Tunis on the night of December 17-18. Squadron-Leader A. G. Jones-Williams, M.C., and Flight-Lieutenant N. H. Jenkins, O.B.E., D.F.C., were killed." Later news stated that the wrecked aeroplane, with the bodies of the airmen close by, had been found by military patrols, who had been guided by natives to a spot among the Atlas Mountains, near Zaghouan, thirty-eight miles south of Tunis.

INSPIRERS OF PRIMITIVE ARTISTS?



A NATURAL DESIGN WHICH MAY HAVE INSPIRED PRIMITIVE ARTISTS: AN EFFECT AKIN TO THE INKY "SKELETON PICTURES" OF OUR YOUTH.

[Continued.]

the page must be turned sideways, to the right, so that it is looked at as an oblong page. Concerning the pictures, the following note may be given, and it may be taken as Mrs. MacMillan's own interpretation: "'Water pictures' appear when an object and its reflection are seen as a unit, instead of being viewed as two separate things. They represent the newest and probably one of the oldest sources of design." Marion Thayer MacMillan (Mrs. Wade MacMillan), spending summer after summer in a canoe floating among the rocky islands of the Georgian Bay, Canada, discovered, or, more accurately, rediscovered, this unlimited mine of wonderful patterns that has lain half-submerged since the world began. She thus

THE WHITE RABBIT.

THE RED QUEEN

THE RED KNIGHT.

THE CHESHIRE CAT.

THE DORMOUSE;
WITH HIS HEAD IN
THE CUP.

THE WHITE KNIGHT.

THE WHITE QUEEN.

ALICE.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.



NATURAL "DRAWINGS" OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" CHARACTERS: AN ODD "DESIGN" THAT WOULD HAVE DELIGHTED LEWIS CARROLL!

THOSE of our readers who remember the "skeleton pictures" of their youth will, no doubt, have guessed at once that the photographs reproduced here and opposite bear some relation to the fantastic forms made by folding a signature down the middle while the ink was wet. It should be said at once they were correct in their surmise; but, in this case, the accessories before the fact were rocks, water, and a camera! In other words, the illustrations show rocks and the reflections of those rocks in water regarded as a unit. Further: the photographs, of course, have been so placed on our pages that the pictures are seen vertically; and not horizontally, as they were taken: to view those on this page "naturally,"

[Continued below.]

MARVELLOUS PICTURES

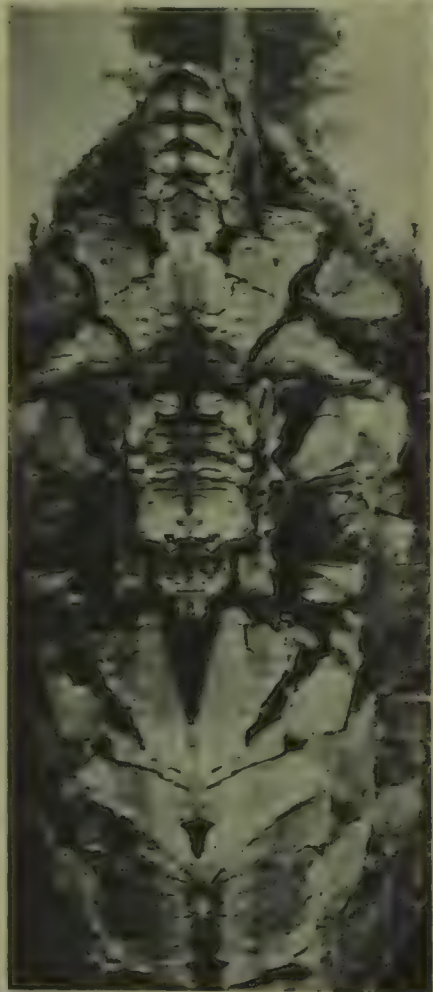
"PAINTED" BY DAME NATURE.



"DECORATION" THAT MAY ACCOUNT FOR THE FANTASTIC FORMS IN CERTAIN PRIMITIVE OBJECTS OF ART: AN EFFECT RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.

describes her experience: "It is when the wind dies and the sun sets that these brilliant bilateral frescoes border the shores. Then the rocks and their duplicates in the water float like massive carvings against a foil of real and reflected sky. When a narrow channel, such as only a canoe can penetrate, winds between two granite shores, ledges rising sheer, one moves through weird, Dantesque shapes. The ghostly effect is even more eerie when, under moonlight, some fantastic face peers from a pool or a legion lie along the shore grinning; frowning beast, bird, or human. . . . It is easy to believe that primitive man . . . perceived these apparitions: hence his rich bilateral patterns, his monster gods, totem poles, and curious masks."

**"EXCITING SPECULATIONS": STRANGE
DESIGNS THAT MAY HAVE INSPIRED
PRIMITIVES RESPONSIBLE FOR MAYAN
ART, TOTEM POLES, AND THE LIKE.**



"THE CAT TOTEM."



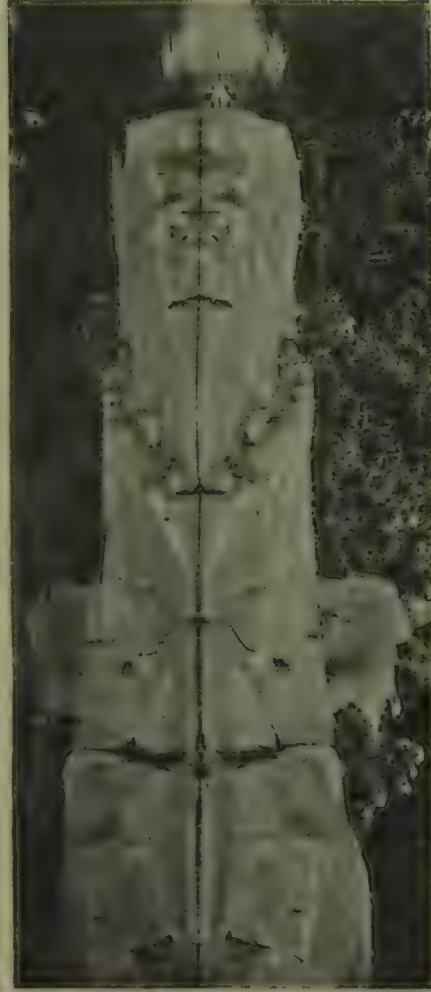
"THE LEOPARD TOTEM."



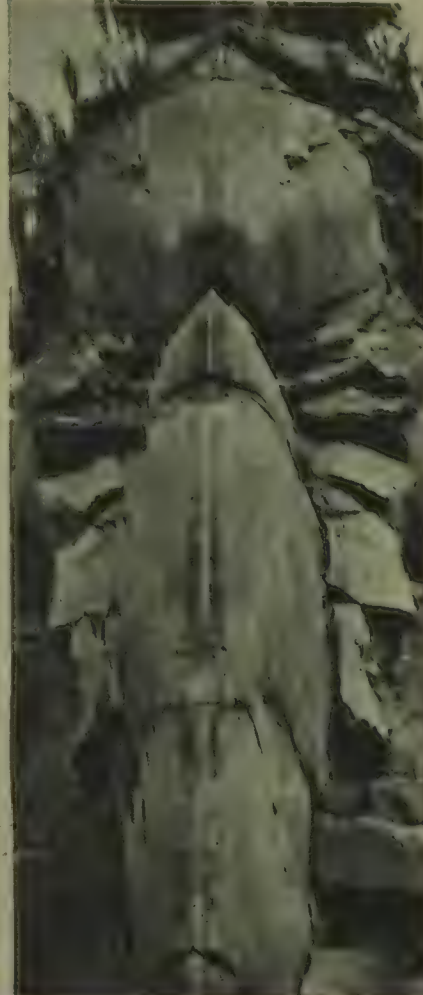
"THE SHROUDED GOD TOTEM."

DISCUSSING "Water Pictures and Their Relation to Primitive Art," in "The Western Architect," Mrs. MacMillan wrote—taking as her text the photographs of rocks and their reflections which she made among the rocky islands of the Georgian Bay, Canada: "Naturally, my first thought was that the Indians saw and copied these designs. I think so still. . . . Studying the Mayan ruins and some of the old Indian temples, all sorts of exciting speculations occur to me; for instance, is it not possible that all design which has exact duplication as its essential characteristic had its origin in reflection, the only natural phenomenon that shows exact duplication? Might it be that these water pictures which irresistibly

[Continued below.]



"THE DOG TOTEM."



"THE BEAVER TOTEM."

Continued.
impelled me (who had never made a sketch in my life) to attempt their reproduction, also urged primitive man to represent them? May it not have been an earlier and simpler impulse to copy these designs, which appear as pictures, than to make pictures of external things seen as separate objects? Is it difficult to conclude, since these pictures seem to be graven on rock, that they first suggested the use of stone for carvings and design? Will the fact that these water pictures are completely unaffected by any type of human or animal life in the environment, but display every kind of feature and figure—will this explain the difference between the designs and masks found on the monoliths in Quirigua, a country of lakes, islands, and rivers, from the patterns made in the desert under

brilliant sunshine? The one, mysterious, intricate, entirely different from the actual environment; the other, in sharp lines of contrasted colour, showing clear-cut birds and beasts and fights, comparatively simple and evidently made from observation of life. Do not the water pictures explain the strange heads, one above another, which the archæologists find so puzzling? . . . Further, is it not conceivable that these curious images inspired a mythology of titanic monsters, grotesque masks? . . . It is not difficult to believe that these shapes, peering at primitive man from the moonlit stream or shadowed pool, suggested supernatural creatures, deities, totems, and the like." To view these pictures "naturally," the page must be turned sideways to the left.

"NOT A FAKER, BUT A GENIUS": THE WONDERFUL ART OF ALCEO DOSSENA IN IMITATION OF MEDIAEVAL STYLE.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD BY A DEALER AS A WORK OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SIENA SCHOOL: TWO FIGURES OF FEMALE SAINTS IN MARBLE.

IN our issues of December 1, 1929 and January 5, 1929, we recorded and illustrated what was described as "the Dossema art fiasco"—an extraordinary case of alleged art swindles on the grand scale, perpetrated by dealers who exploited the genius of a then obscure Italian sculptor, paying him a paltry sum for his works, and selling them, without his knowledge, to various American and other museums and private collectors, as genuine fourteenth- and fifteenth-century masterpieces. It was stated at the time that the sculptor in question, Signor Alceo Dossema, who was himself innocent of fraud, and had only recently become suspicious of the dealers, had brought an action against them, claiming £14,000 as payment for sculpture supplied in imitation of mediæval masters. We are now able to publish these further illustrations, together with an interesting article by Professor Walter Bombe.

(Continued on Dec. 2.)



MADONNA WITH SLEEPING CHILD IN THE STYLE OF DONATELLO: A WORK SOLD IN ITALY AS A GENUINE DOSSEMA.



THE MADONNA AND CHILD: A MARBLE RELIEF IN THE STYLE OF MIRO DA FIESOLE, SOLD BY DOSSEMA AS HIS OWN WORK.



ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN SOLD IN GERMANY BY ART DEALERS FOR A MILLION LIRE: THE MADONNA AND CHILD: A WORK IN THE STYLE OF GIOVANNI PISANO.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD IN ITALY BY DEALERS AS A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WORK OF THE PISANO SCHOOL: A MADONNA AND CHILD IN MARBLE.



"ST. BERNARDINO," BY ALCEO DOSSEMA: A STATUE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SOLD BY A DEALER AS A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WORK OF THE SIENA SCHOOL.



AN ANGEL CARRYING A LIGHT: A MARBLE FIGURE FOR WHICH DOSSEMA IS SAID TO HAVE RECEIVED FROM A DEALER "ONLY THE GOLD-WORK AND A DAILY WAGE."

of Rome, entitled "Dossema: Not a Faker, but a Genius." Professor Bombe here writes: "After the exposure of the Dossema sculptures I got no peace until, armed with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, I visited this master-worker at his workshop, a small place on the Ripetta, the harbour of ancient Rome. Two assistants were busy in the outer studio when I called, copying a clay model in marble, and I was looking round inquisitively when Dossema himself appeared. A well-built man with greying hair: brushed back from a powerful brow, the sculptor is pleasant-visaged and courteous in manner. After I had given him an outline of my purpose in calling on him, he led me through the old courtyard into the studio *segreto*, which is kept absolutely barred to lay visitors. Here all those works of art which destined the finest experts in the world were created: here this wizard, for so he might be called, produced, with an extraordinary sense of feeling, Madonnas in the style of Giovanni Pisano, revealing the restless, lively rhythm of the true old Gothic. A bas-relief in marble had the light, sensitive composition of the Florentine Agostino di Duccio; another

(Continued on Dec. 3.)

Madonna relief suggested the mild and tender art of Mino da Fiesole; while a third was a Madonna which, had it not been in this studio, might have come from the hand of Donatello; while four busts of the Seasons modelled in clay, to be copied in marble, showed the decorative art-sense of a Bernini. I asked Dossema where he had acquired so much knowledge, and he replied, to my unbounded surprise, that he had learnt it himself. He worked first with an ordinary mason in Cremona. There he acquired skill in handling marble and in the use of the mallet and chisel, and plied up many technical requirements. Then he attended an elementary art school for a while and practised modelling. Beyond this he had ten lessons in anatomy. This was all his training. Puzzling and unbelievable as this may at first seem, it is not really so remarkable. It is quite understandable that Dossema in his handwork has gone to the root of the art of the great Quattrocento masters. He studied the work of the Early Renaissance with wonder and earnest desire, and then endeavoured to bring to life again the ideal of the great art periods of the past. The comfortable and

(Continued below.)



SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD IN VENICE, WITHOUT DOSSEMA'S KNOWLEDGE, AS AN ANTIQUE WORK, FOR 2½ MILLION LIRE: A MARBLE RELIEF OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. ELIZABETH.



ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN SOLD (WITH FIVE OTHER FIGURES) AS THE WORK OF SIMONE MARTINI OF SIENA (KNOWN ONLY AS A PAINTER AND NOT AS A SCULPTOR): A STATUE OF A FEMALE SAINT.

well-laid path of academic art education was not for him. I wandered round with Dossema in other rooms leading from the studio *segreto*, and saw completed works by his hand, and others approaching perfection. An ancient Greek Athena overcoming a giant lay in a number of pieces on the floor. On enquiry I learnt that this figure is a part of that group of the Tymparon whose struggling giants were so much talked-of recently in Munich, after one of the best-known experts had declared it to be absolutely genuine. Dossema had the group photographed, but when he learnt the price obtained by the dealer, which was a hundred times more than the sculptor had received, he broke the work to pieces in his wrath. In similar manner they have been treating Dossema's work for the past twelve years. Dealers have paid him wages for his work, and, after scratching out his signature, have sold his products for gigantic sums. Dossema calculates that the dealers have obtained more than forty million lire for his work, while during eight years he has only received six hundred thousand lire from them. The matter is now in the hands of one of the most famous Italian advocates. Dossema has made no money, but he has gained fame. Museums

and private collectors have suffered losses greater than his. An American museum paid 100,000 dollars for a marble tombstone with the recumbent figure of a nun, which was considered to be a genuine Mino da Fiesole; the Cleveland Museum bought a Madonna and Child as an original by Giovanni Pisano; while various American collectors acquired other Madonna figures which were attributed to Simone Martini of Siena, hitherto known as a painter, and a German collector obtained a gilt angel in the style of the Florentine Early Renaissance; and a Venetian enthusiast paid 2,500,000 lire for a marble relief of the Madonna and Child. None of these great sums passed to the sculptor. He sold his work outright to these dealers, and had no idea what happened afterwards to his masterpieces. Quite unknown a few months ago, Alceo Dossema is to-day so famous that he cannot cope with important commissions. Baron Fassani has ordered a bust; and so has the Duke of Aosta. I was sitting with Dossema and his son Alcide, a clever assistant to his father, in a neighbouring *osteria*, when an elegant automobile drew up to take him to the Prince Borghese, who desired the master to model the Princess in the costume of the Early Renaissance."

WHEN THE "OLD MAN" KANGAROO TOOK THE PLACE OF HONOUR:

A KANGAROO HUNT IN QUEENSLAND—THE "OLD MAN" AS REARGUARD FIGHTS TO LET HIS "MOB" ESCAPE.

By HENRY G. LAMOND.

"THERE they go! Get after 'em, boys! Here, Brindle, Snap, Collie, soot 'em, dogs! Way back, there! Way back . . . yackai!" Through the rung ironbark trees of a Queensland forest country a string of great grey kangaroos flashed in a fleeting line. Behind them, visibly shortening the space between them as they raced, came two of those ravenous killers and relentless hunters, the kangaroo-dogs of Australia; and, further back, toiling in his passage, was a collie who was no less keen, though

does, those fliers were his sons and daughters, and by his wisdom, and reliant on his pluck, was the whole mob held together. His place was nearest the danger. He kept that place!

As the individual members of the mob scattered and disappeared in the timber, and as the dogs kept on in pursuit of the old man, he knew his duty was done. He had drawn the danger to himself, and let his mob escape. Now he was at liberty to save himself.

Behind him, so close that he could hear the panting of his breath, came Brindle. A little further back, yet not so far that the muffled drumming of his racing paws was lost, was Snap. And away behind, hopelessly out of the hunt, yet with its keenness undiminished, came the yapping Collie. The old man leaned further forward, his corded muscles bulged in greater knots, and the spring of his bound carried him a full thirty feet through the air. For about twenty seconds, or for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, the old man kept up that prodigious effort. The dogs were left straining behind, their lolling tongues slavering as they raced. The old man had given all he had. That stupendous effort, and those gigantic bounds, could not be maintained. He slackened slightly, and the dogs drew on him again.

Ere they raced another half-mile Brindle was beside the old man, making furtive snaps at him as he raced, and the 'roo knew that escape by pace was useless. Always a wild thing when wheeled acknowledges its defeat—the old man was no exception. But the giant 'roo was not yet beaten. By a dozen fights and a hundred skirmishes had he gained his mob; by his pluck and energy he held them together; and, though he

may have known he was up against it, as it were, he was not going to lower his colours and give up his life without a fight. There were a dozen favourable places in which to make his last stand. With his back against a tree or a rock, he could, and would, defy any dog. There were hundreds of trees. There were plenty of rocks.

But a better place than either of those was in the old man's mind. That morning he and his mob had been to Puddler's Dam for a drink. That was the spot he favoured. Always, if possible, a kangaroo puts up its last great fight against dogs when standing waist-deep in water. To that last sanctuary the old man sped.

Beside him Brindle was snapping as he raced. On the other side of him Snap was galloping and shepherding the 'roo as he bounded. Behind him there came the thunder of the galloping hoofs of the mounted horses, the yelling of the men, and the excited barkings of Collie as he strove to join the chase. The old man propped, seeming to stutter in his stride for an imperceptible flash of a second, and then, ignoring the worrying dogs, he struck off at a new angle and headed straight for Puddler's Dam. From his panting jaws strings of saliva dropped and floated in the air; his eyes were bloodshot; his flanks were heaving as he sprang; but he held on in a straight line, grim, silent, and not deigning to fight till his position was taken.

Occasionally one or other of the dogs had bounded at the 'roo as they galloped. That, apart from knocking him out of his stride a little, and upsetting his balance to a certain extent, had inconvenienced him little. The most vulnerable part of a fleeing 'roo for a dog to attack is under the armpits, taken from behind. That is not an easy matter when a dog is blown, when the 'roo is bounding in twenty-foot jumps, and where but fractions of an inch and portions of a second are vital factors to consider. Neither dog attempted it. The old man, attended by the two dogs, burst through the fringe of timber round Puddler's Dam and made straight for the water. He was puffed and blown, rolling in his gait somewhat, and weary. But he held straight on for the water. He bounded up the small embankment, and paused for a flick of time on top of that. And as he steadied for a mere shutter-click ere he dashed for the water, a man appeared in front of him, between him and his goal, and forced him to turn to meet his foes! It was the photographer! He had correctly estimated

the direction of the chase and reached the dam just in time to intercept the 'roo.

On the bank of the dam the old man wheeled at bay to meet his pursuers. He drew himself to his full height, standing only on his tip-toes and on the mere end-joints of his tail, and, though he had but a wink of time in which to do it, he gave a hasty dab with his tongue to his forearms. There, with his muscles corded, with his eyes shooting fire, and unafraid, he stands to meet the dogs. In a surging rush they come! Brindle leaps for the old man's throat, and even as he is in the air the 'roo's arms enfold him and hug him closer. With the same action as that of a woman nursing a baby the old man draws Brindle to him, and then he lifts his mighty hind leg, armed with its eviscerating claw, for a disembowelling stroke. But even as the old man stands poised, Snap springs at him from one side. The 'roo drops Brindle—who slinks unashamedly behind—and turns his attention to the other charging dog. With a downward chop of his front paw, with his fist clenched, and with his muscles playing and rippling beneath his taut skin, he meets the coming dog and knocks him to earth. Snap is satisfied!

As they stand there, one on each side of him, panting to get their breath, Collie dashes by. He pays no attention to the tableau other than to bark sharply in passing. He dashes to the water, to lap and wallow in it, and to regain his wind ere he joins the fray. The old man stands on top of the bank, one dog on either side of him, and he is undecided from which one the attack will come. There is no need for indecision! Neither dog wants more! In the chase they are game enough; but this is a different proposition. In any case, the dogs are winded and want time to recover.

Collie splashes noisily in the water as he shakes himself. That attracts the old man's attention, and as he looks towards that dog he seems suddenly to remember the reason for which he came to where he is. He gives one bound and a plunge, a squirm and a turn while in the air, and in the next second he is in, wading out towards the middle of the little dam and waist-deep in water. As soon as the 'roo turned to flee, all three dogs joined wildly in the chase, Collie, the freshest, in the lead. When the old man reached the position he desired, he turned and bailed-up again, and from the bank two dogs swam out to take him—an easy prey—Collie in the lead. Almost they had reached him, and Snap on the bank was whimpering his excitement, when there was a sudden flurry in the water.

Something had happened—happened so quickly that there was only an indistinguishable blur and a



"ON THE BANK THE OLD MAN DREW HIMSELF TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, STANDING ON HIS TIP-TOES": THE GREAT GREY KANGAROO (*MACROPUS GIGANTEUS*) ROUNDED UP BY DOGS.

Photographs by Otto Webb.

immeasurably slower. Two mounted men followed the line of the racing 'roos, yelling as they went, and urging their horses as they skimmed through trees and floundered over broken ground. The third man, a photographer, unslung his camera, took note of the swing of the chase, and stepped lightly as he approached the spot from which the 'roos had started.

It was as he had hoped and half expected. From behind a fallen tree a young doe reared herself, the stems of grass which she was eating still held in her hand-like paws, and with a whimsical look of surprise on her face. That was the first trophy of the chase—the photographer "snapped her."

The photographer remounted his horse and took note of the sounds which were coming to him. Through the gaunt trees, leafless and dying, there came the thunder of galloping hoofs, the excited whimper and short yaps of exultation of pursuing dogs, and at intervals the yells of men urging the dogs, who needed no encouragement to do their best. The hunt was, as usual, swinging in a circle, and the photographer, knowing the ways of a hunted 'roo, and using his own knowledge of the country, reckoned the finish would be at Puddler's Dam. He turned his horse's head and rode in that direction, stopping occasionally to note by the sounds what was happening.

After their first wild spurt given by the shock of discovery, the kangaroos had eased their paces slightly, and strung in a long line through the timber. Ten of them there were. In the lead was a half-grown doe, commonly called a flier; following her were other fliers and bachelor bucks; next came the mature does and those heavily loaded with joeys in their pouches; and, last of all, bounding heavily, but with the embodiment of strength in those muscular efforts, came the lord of the mob—the old man. Then when the drumming of galloping dogs had come to them, and the quick whimper of their excitement, the 'roos had let out another link of speed and lain down to it with all they had to offer. The fliers and bachelor bucks sped lightly, scattering as they went like a handful of shot thrown at random. The unloaded does sped away from those hampered with the weight of their joeys, and they too spread and scattered. But the old man, as was his right, took the post nearer the danger and stayed in the rear. Possibly, with his tremendous strength, he could have raced away from all but the fliers. But that is not the way of an old man kangaroo. That was his mob, those were his



"FROM BEHIND A FALLEN TREE A YOUNG DOE REARED HERSELF, THE STEMS OF GRASS WHICH SHE WAS EATING STILL HELD IN HER HAND-LIKE PAWS."

spurt of water. But when that had cleared, only one dog was to be seen. Collie had disappeared. The 'roo was holding something under the water, and from that something mighty swirls and strings of bubbles were breaking the surface. Collie in his inexperience

(Continued on page 1162.)

A FIGHTING KANGAROO AT BAY: THE "OLD MAN" AND HIS PURSUERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTHO WEBB. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



1. "THERE, WITH HIS MUSCLES CORDED, WITH HIS EYES SHOOTING FIRE, AND UNAFRAID, HE STANDS TO MEET THE DOGS": THE "OLD MAN" AT BAY.



3. "ERNIE AND DAVE . . . PICKED UP AN IRONBARK SAPLING: WITH A LENGTH OF ROPE THEY MADE A RUNNING NOOSE AND ESSAYED TO LASSO THE OLD MAN AS HE STOOD IN THE WATER."

These photographs illustrate the final stages of the kangaroo hunt which is so graphically described in the article on the opposite page, after the quarry had reached the place he chose to make his last stand—a water-hole known as Puddler's Dam. A kangaroo, it is explained, always, if possible, puts up its last fight against dogs standing waist-deep in water. In Photograph No. 1 the "old man," who had bravely covered the retreat of his "mob" (of wives and children), is seen standing on the bank, drawn up to his full height to beat off two of the dogs before entering the water. Then he gives a bound, plunges in, and wades out to the middle of the pool, there to await his foes. In No. 2 two of the dogs—Brindle and Collie (leading on right) are seen swimming to the attack, but it failed. Collie, who was inexperienced, was seized, held under water, and came out half-drowned. Brindle attacked, but could do little, and



2. "WHEN THE OLD MAN REACHED THE POSITION HE DESIRED HE TURNED AND BAILED UP AGAIN, AND FROM THE BANK TWO DOGS SWAM OUT TO TAKE HIM. . . . COLLIE IN THE LEAD."



4. "THE OLD MAN RECKONED HE HAD DONE ENOUGH": THE FIGHTING KANGAROO'S LAST LOOK AT HIS PURSUERS BEFORE HE WADED ACROSS THE DAM AND ESCAPED.

after swimming round once or twice also returned to the bank and barked. Two men of the party then attempted to lasso the kangaroo, as shown in No. 3, but the "old man" evaded all their efforts. So they sat on the bank to discuss other methods, and the writer humorously describes how each suggested that the other should ride in and drop the noose over the kangaroo's head. Meanwhile the "old man" watched them (as seen in No. 4), and finally decided he had done enough, so he turned and waded across the dam and made off among the trees. The hunters decided that he had earned his freedom.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



STORM VICTIMS AMONG BIRDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE vast destruction caused by wind is masked, to a greater extent than is generally realised, by the events that follow in its train. The sandstorms of the desert and the mountainous waves of the sea are in themselves so impressive that we forget the agencies that begat them. But the gales

up dead on the beach at Slapton, Devonshire, after the recent gale. This is the second specimen which has come to my notice from the South Coast, done to death by this gale.

The grey phalarope (Fig. 2) is one of the most interesting of our "wading birds," and with it must be bracketed the smaller red-necked phalarope. Resembling a small sandpiper, they may be distinguished at once by their curious feet, which are webbed, after the fashion of gulls' feet, but with a difference; for the webs are deeply incised, leaving lobes, or folds of skin, on each side of the terminal half of the toes, recalling the lobed toes of the coot and the grebe. As might be expected from this survey of the feet, these birds differ from the rest of the sandpiper tribe in that they pass most of their time afloat, though, like the gulls, they seem but rarely, if ever, to dive. Like so many of their tribe, these birds have strikingly different summer and winter plumages. The summer, or "nuptial," dress, indeed, bears not the slightest likeness in its coloration to that of the winter dress.

More remarkable still, in these two birds the rôle of the sexes is reversed. The female is larger than the male, and her nuptial dress is of more vivid hues. And, associated with this superiority of appearance, she furnishes an example where the "grey mare is the better horse"! Some would perhaps say that she provides a shocking example of maternal degeneracy, since, once the eggs are laid, she leaves the rearing of her family to her mate. At any rate, this is the general opinion, though some hold that, under the cover of the darkness, she condescends to take her turn in the incubating of the eggs. Though small colonies of the red-necked phalarope (Fig. 3) breed in certain favoured localities in Great Britain, the grey phalarope never comes to us save in the winter. And it is to this species that

I must now confine myself.

As will be seen in Fig. 2, this bird, in its winter dress, has a pearl-grey back and wing-coverts, a black nape and a patch round the eye, while the rest of the head, neck, and under-parts are pure white. Here and there in this plumage will be noticed dark feathers; these are unmoulted remnants of the summer dress. So greatly does the summer dress differ from that of the winter that American ornithologists call this species the *red* phalarope. That is to say, they have named it after its summer, and we after its winter, dress.

Unfortunately, ordinary photography cannot render the splendours of this nuptial livery. Herein the back



FIG. 1. THE LITTLE AUK: A WINTER VISITOR TO BRITISH SHORES, OFTEN CARRIED FAR INLAND DURING SEVERE GALES—AN ADULT IN WINTER PLUMAGE.

The little auk measures no more than $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and is nearly related to the guillemot and razor-bill, species which breed on our cliffs in thousands every year. Not so the little auk, which is only a winter visitant to our shores, chiefly to the northern coasts. But during severe gales it is often carried far inland.

of the last few weeks have had, so to speak, the stage to themselves. The countryside and the great cities have each, in turn, had to listen to "the sound of a rushing, mighty wind," and have each had evidence enough of its ruthlessness.

And when the gale is past we have its aftermath, which is by no means so apparent. Often it is indicated only by wreckage that is not obviously wreckage of the gale. The vast quantities of seaweed thrown up along the beach for miles, associated with huge numbers of dead fish and other creatures swept up from the belt of coast just outside the lead low-water mark, bear evidence enough of the scouring effects of the gigantic waves that have now ceased to be. But more than this; dwellers far inland are afforded convincing evidence of the fury of the storm, and its effects on the dwellers in and on the sea, by the presence among them of exhausted sea-birds.

One of the most conspicuous of these victims is the little auk (Fig. 1), a near relation of the guillemot and razor-bill. During the last week or two specimens have been found dead, or in a moribund state, as far inland as Leicestershire. They must have had a terrible experience, for they winter far out in the open sea. Drifting landwards, probably in search of food, and vainly, some perchance rise from the water in an attempt to fly out to sea again, when they are swept up and carried inland, where finally they drop exhausted. These, however, are by no means the only victims. I was reminded of this a few days ago when my friend Mrs. Finney sent me a beautiful specimen of the grey phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*) which she had picked



FIG. 2. THE GREY PHALAROPE: A BIRD KNOWN HERE BY ITS WINTER PLUMAGE, BUT IN AMERICA BY ITS "RED" SUMMER DRESS.

The grey phalarope visits us only during the winter months, hence the name "grey" phalarope, bestowed by the older ornithologists, who were unaware of its striking seasonal changes of plumage. In America it is called the *red* phalarope, a name bestowed on account of the rich chestnut-red of the breast and neck—colours that are assumed with the breeding-dress.

and hind-neck are of a rich buff, relieved by dark streaks of a blackish hue, and there is a white patch round the eye. This is larger in the female, which has also a slaty-black crown, this hue being continued forward and downwards round the base of the beak. In the male the crown is striated, like the neck. The whole of the under-parts, white in winter, are of a rich chestnut-red, again of a deeper, more lively hue in the female.

What has brought about this strange reversal whereby the care of the offspring devolves on the male? We have a parallel among the struthious birds and some of the fishes. But in these cases the male is always the more brightly coloured. The discrepancy in size between the sexes is not very marked, unlike the case of the sparrow-hawk, wherein the male is *much* smaller than his mate. But he is much more brightly coloured, and he does no more than his share in regard to his duties towards his offspring.

The stranding of this little bird in mid-winter has set a problem which may well be pondered over while we await the coming of the spring and opportunities of concentrating on this association between vividness of coloration and the behaviour of the sexes in regard to their parental instincts.



FIG. 3. THE RED-NECKED PHALAROPE: A FEMALE CHASING A MALE DURING A "COURTSHIP FLIGHT."

This species breeds with us annually in certain favoured localities. It is a smaller bird than the grey phalarope. The "nuptial plumage" shown here lacks the splendour of that of its larger relative. Chestnut-red, so conspicuous in the breeding-dress of the grey phalarope, is here confined to a patch on the neck. The breast is white; while the back is of a bluish-grey. The female is seen here chasing the male during a "courtship flight."

From a Picture by Professor Seaby.

Perhaps the World's Finest Example of Jade: A Supreme Rarity

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, LTD., 6, KING STREET, ST. JAMES



MOTTLED WITH "BATS OF HAPPINESS": AN 18TH-CENTURY CHINESE BOWL OF EMERALD-GREEN JADE. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

Seeing that small objects of emerald-green jade have always been considered priceless heirlooms by the Chinese, it will be realised what a supreme rarity is a bowl of these dimensions (here shown full-size), carved out of a single block of this exquisite colour. *Fei-ts'ui* (colour of the kingfisher's plume), or emerald-green jade, the most precious of all the varieties, was mined in Northern Burma, but to find a piece of sustained colour of any size was exceedingly rare. The Emperor Kien-Lung (1736-1795) had cups and saucers made from a boulder found in the eighteenth century, but these were smaller than the bowl above, which is probably the largest and finest example in the world in this colour and of this period. It

was carved during the reign of that monarch, and reposed in the Summer Palace at Peking until the Boxer Rebellion, when it entered a well-known European collection. The interior, beautifully hollowed out, is left perfectly plain; the outer surface is exquisitely decorated in low relief with stylised lotus pendants with handles, representing peony blooms, carved in full *à jour*. It is difficult to give an idea of the splendour of this glorious carving, but dull indeed must be the imagination that cannot catch a glimpse of something unearthly in those translucent emerald depths flecked with pearl—a dawn sky in paradise and the bats of happiness drifting home through veils of mist.

Dancing in the New Year on the Rand, at Midsummer! A Famous Club in Johannesburg.

FROM THE PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WITH ICE AND ELECTRIC FANS TO COOL THE AIR: A NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE AT THE 12 O'CLOCK CLUB, JOHANNESBURG, DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE SOUTHERN SUMMER.

In previous issues some of the delightful sporting and country clubs of the Union of South Africa have been illustrated in our pages. In this Dominion of sunshine club life is well organised, and, in addition to the numerous outdoor institutions of the kind, the Dance Clubs are a prominent phase of social life. In this instance our artist has caught the spirit of New Year revelry which prevails at the 12 o'clock Club in Johannesburg. The Club was started as a small private gathering with the object of bringing together men and women who had lost touch with one another in social life owing to absence on service during the Great War. With the return of the young people who had been engaged in various theatres of the war, the movement, with its constructive social aims, grew in favour, and the success of the Club was assured. To-day it is one of the leading social institutions of the Rand. The Club meetings became so popular that it was necessary to engage larger premises, and the institution now has its headquarters in the famous Wanderer's Hall, which has played such a notable

part in the sporting and social life of the South African metropolis. Owing to its extensive membership, the Club is prosperous, and since its inception in 1919 it has donated thousands of pounds to ex-Service and other charities. The Club meets every Saturday night, and dancing ends at twelve o'clock. There are also special meetings on such occasions as the New Year. By contrast with the conditions prevailing at this season in Great Britain, the South African New Year falls at the height of the southern summer, which accounts for the cooling device of large blocks of ice and electric fans which will be noticed in this picture. On the introduction of members, overseas visitors to the Rand are made welcome to the Club, and it is this sociable feature of South African life that is proving so attractive to visitors who have acquired the sunshine habit of wintering in this Dominion. Our readers are probably aware that advice and assistance concerning travel to South Africa can be readily obtained in London by communicating with the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2

Built where Druids Adored a Virgin Mother: A Gothic Fane.

BY GASTON RIGAUD. ENTITLED "MA

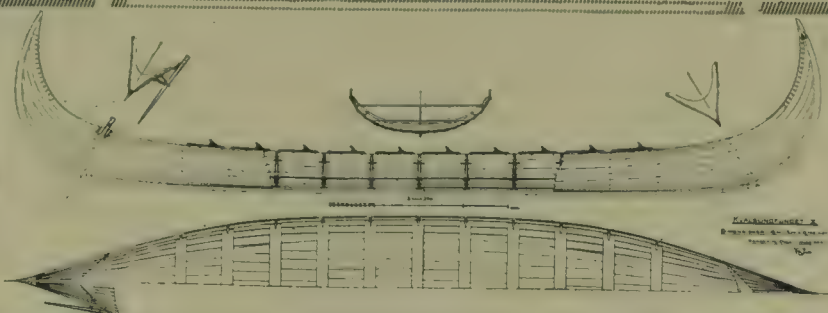
CHARTRES)." EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON



"WITH ANTIQUE PILLARS MASSY PROOF, AND STORIED WINDOWS RICHLY DIGHT" CHARTRES CATHEDRAL, AND ITS WONDROUS 13TH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Chartres, one of the grandest monuments of Gothic architecture in France, has a very special interest at Christmas-time. "Tradition avers (we read in "Baedeker") that it is built above a grotto where the Druids celebrated the worship of a 'virgin who should bear a child.' The present crypt dates from the eleventh century, and the cathedral in its present form from the twelfth-thirteenth centuries. It was consecrated in 1260. The interior produces a no less imposing effect than the exterior, through the vast and majestic harmony of its proportions and the purity of its details. The superb stained glass dates chiefly from the thirteenth century." We may recall that two of the wonderful windows in Chartres Cathedral, known as "La Mort de la Vierge" and "L'Histoire de St. Jacques," are reproduced as full-page colour illustrations in our current Christmas Number. As there noted, the great glory of the Cathedral is the stained glass, which includes not only three world-famous rose-windows, but over one hundred other windows, containing figures of some five thousand persons.

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT BOAT-BUILDING: DISCOVERIES IN NORWAY AND WALES.



1. NORSE BOAT-BUILDING OF PRE-VIKING DAYS ABOUT 600 A.D.: DIAGRAMS SHOWING SIDE AND DECK VIEWS OF THE LARGER VESSEL FOUND AT KVALSUND—A 20-OARED CRAFT NEARLY 60 FT. LONG.



2. FRAGMENTS OF TWO BOATS (SINCE RECONSTRUCTED) OF THE MIGRATION PERIOD, UNEARTHED AT KVALSUND, IN NORWAY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



3. SHOWING HOW BOTH BOATS HAD BEEN BROKEN TO PIECES, PROBABLY AS A RELIGIOUS OFFERING, AFTER A BATTLE: PART OF THE TIMBERS AS FOUND AT KVALSUND.



4. THE SMALLER OF THE TWO ANCIENT BOATS FOUND AT KVALSUND—A FOUR-OARED CRAFT ABOUT 31 FT. LONG: SIDE AND DECK VIEWS SHOWN IN DIAGRAM.



5. AN OLD WELSH DUG-OUT CANOE OF UNCERTAIN DATE FOUND IN THE RIVER ITHON, NEAR LLANDRINDOD WELLS: REMOVING THE CRAFT FROM THE WATER.



6. WHERE THE DUG-OUT CANOE HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN MOORED: REMAINS OF A SMALL QUAY ON THE BANK OF THE ITHON, WITH A TIMBER "BREAKWATER" AT THE UP-STREAM END.

DESCRIBING the Illustrations Nos. 1 to 4, Professor Haakon Shetelig writes: "The Bergens Museum has recently published an account of the discovery of a ship and a boat of the Migration Period, excavated in a peat-bog at Kvalsund, in a small island off the coast of Norway, a little south-west of the city of Aalesund. The two vessels had been intentionally broken to pieces, most probably as an offering to some divinity after a battle. The rite comprised a complete destruction of the vessels, every single part of them being broken to fragments. In spite of this condition, it has been possible to give a complete reconstruction of both. The "ship," or, rather, the larger boat, is 18 metres (about 58½ ft.) long, with twenty oars; the smaller is 9.56 metres (about 31 ft.) long, with only four oars. The construction is very primitive, strikingly imperfect when compared with the Viking ships of the ninth century. The date must be the period about 600 A.D. The new discovery thus adds a most important document to the early history of Northern ship-building. It is one of the finest excavations I ever had."



7. THE DUG-OUT CANOE BROUGHT ASHORE FOR PRESERVATION: A PUNT-LIKE CRAFT, 15½ FT. LONG, WITH MASSIVE SQUARE STERN, SIDES ABOUT 1 FT. HIGH, AND THIN OPEN BOW.

THE old dug-out canoe shown in Nos. 5-7 was found beside the bank of the Ithon near the Roman fort of Castell Collen. Mr. W. F. Grimes, Assistant Keeper of the National Museum of Wales, writes: "In shape the canoe somewhat resembles a punt, its width being the same (2 feet) throughout, with a massive square stern of solid wood. It is square in section, with no trace of a keel. The bow-end (buried in the bank) was quite thin. . . . The sides remain in some places to a height of 12 inches. The interior showed no trace of oars, seats, or other fittings. It had been carved out of the solid wood, and the marks of the gouge are still visible. . . . A quay or landing-stage had been built up into the bank. . . . Also, on the up-river side a piece of timber extended out from the bank into the stream for 13 feet. This timber, propped on another baulk, was clearly intended to act as a breakwater. . . . The fact that it lay near the Roman fort has caused it to become generally known in the locality as the 'Roman boat.' But that it actually was Roman is by no means certain."

Our Royal Family as Animal-Lovers: Their Pets.

By THOMAS G. MIDDLETON.

THE news that Princess Elizabeth has a new doggy pet with her at 145, Piccadilly—a beautiful Cairn terrier puppy which is the gift of "Uncle David"—recalls the fact that all the members of our Royal Family are dog-lovers. They all have their animal pets, and are keen enthusiasts about animals.



AND CAIRN: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING AT MELTON MOWBRAY FOR A RUN WITH THE HOUNDS.

The Prince is particularly fond of Cairns, and recently he gave a Cairn puppy to Princess Elizabeth. His Cairn "Cora" is especially famous, and has travelled with her master on many an occasion.

as well as being devoted to them. But since the Prince of Wales, some five years ago, first introduced the Cairn terrier to the Royal Household, this Scottish breed of dog has become easily first favourite among the royal pets. The Prince of Wales—who is, of course, the adored "Uncle David" of Princess Elizabeth—is a highly successful breeder of Cairns, and has won many prizes with them, as he has also with other of his "pet" breeds.

It was from a recent litter of "Cora," his pet Cairn, that he chose the lively puppy that is now the delight of the little Fourth Lady of the Land at the Piccadilly home of the Duke and Duchess of York. This newcomer has as companion the former pet of the household and Princess Elizabeth's first animal playmate, "Brownie," a fine Chow. "Cora" has travelled far with her royal master, and is his constant "pal" on every possible occasion. When she produced five fine babies recently, she still travelled with the Prince, and in, luxurious style. The royal cabinet-makers were called in, and, on the Prince's instructions, made a travelling kennel which could be dismantled or put together in a very short time. In it "Cora" and her puppies were taken from York House to wherever the Prince was staying, so that there should be no separation.

Other doggy pals of the Heir to the Throne include a spritely, if homely, black-and-tan Welsh terrier, which was a present to him from enthusiastic

Welsh breeders of this not so well-known dog when, as a growing youth, he was installed as Prince of Wales at the historic Investiture at Carnarvon Castle. As third favourite, the Prince has a fine Alsatian, "Claus of Seale," with which he has won many prizes. The Prince takes a close personal interest in all his dogs, and invariably makes daily visits to them whenever they are in the hands of the "vets" for any reason.

Another Cairn which rivals "Cora" in the affections of a royal master is "Snip," King George's special canine companion. "Snip" was a very unhappy little fellow while the King was a sick patient, and refused to be consoled for months until he could once more be by his master's side and hear the loved voice. "Snip" is happy again now, however, for he is with the King every day in his walks, and also his indoor and outdoor reading-hours. King George has always been a dog-lover, as were his father and mother and grandmother before him. When Duke of York, he was extremely fond of collies, and had a fine sable specimen of which he was so proud that he exhibited it at the leading shows, winning many prizes. As long ago as thirteen years, King George was a successful breeder and exhibitor of Labrador dogs, for which, at the time, he had tremendous enthusiasm.

Princess Mary is another royal Cairn-lover, and possesses three fine specimens, one of which is the constant playmate of her two sons. Indeed, it was through joining in the play with these pets of her young cousins that Princess Elizabeth first came to love the Cairn terrier so much that she would not be satisfied until she possessed one of her own. "Peggy" is Princess Mary's special favourite of her three Cairns.

But dogs are not the only enthusiasm of Princess Mary.

She is one of the foremost breeders and exhibitors of prize poultry and rabbits in the country; whilst she also makes personal pets of much other valuable livestock at Goldsborough Hall. Her Royal Highness is famous all over the country at the leading shows for her Dutch Barnevelder poultry and Blue Beveren rabbits, which she and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Lascelles, introduced into this country. Princess Mary is a regular winner at shows with specimens of these particular "pets," and personally supervises her extensive poultry and rabbit "farm" at Knaresborough. But, then, the Princess is an accepted authority these days also on horses and prize cattle, as well as Dutch fowl and rabbits.

There is another almost spoiled pet at Goldsborough Hall. It is a beautiful Shetland pony, which Master George Lascelles rides perfectly since he began to take riding lessons from an expert tutor. Princess Elizabeth is also the proud possessor of a pony—a by no means handsome one, but one to which she took an ardent childish fancy while she was on holiday in Scotland. It may not be long, therefore, before we shall see her trotting in the Row!

The Duke of York's personal pet is a golden Labrador; while the Duke of Gloucester favours the beautiful Afghan hounds which were introduced to the British Royal Family by the ex-King of Afghanistan on his visit here. The King and Queen are also

very fond of the two specimens of this breed which the ex-King Amanullah presented to them. Prince George is keen on Alsatis, and is proud of the puppies his favourites produce from time to time. When he went to Sandringham for a rest, Prince George took his Alsatis with him, and later he sent puppies as gifts to a few personal friends.

There is another royal pet which we must not overlook, because, in the eyes of her special mistress—gay, laughing Princess Elizabeth—she is one of the wonders of the world. This pet is the magnificent, if somewhat noisy, white parrot that lives in the hall of 145, Piccadilly. This parrot is one brought back from Australia by the Duke and Duchess of York as a special gift to their baby, and, ever since, "Princess Betty" has made a close chum of it. The parrot talks perfectly, and laughs in a manner that often creates a sensation when guests are in the house. And mention of parrots brings to mind that King George has a pet talking bird which is a specially privileged pet of the Royal Household. During the most dangerous days of the King's illness this parrot had to be kept well away from the King's sick-room, and, as though she knew that all was not well, she sulked and mourned until the time came again when she could once more be in her royal master's work-room as his constant daily companion.

The Queen of Norway is a lover of Pekes, and Princess Ingrid of Sweden accepted the gift of a Cairn terrier from the Prince of Wales to take back home with her. The Duchess of York's love for dogs dates back to her childhood days at Glamis, since when she has never been without a pet dog.



WITH A CAIRN BRED BY HIMSELF: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HOLIDAY.

THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION: "GEMS" OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," BY GIOVANNI BELLINI (1428-1516): FROM THE MORELLI COLLECTION, CARRARA GALLERY, BERGAMO.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," BY MANTEGNA (1431-1506): FROM THE MUSEO POLDI POZZOLI, MILAN.



"THE VENETIAN LOVERS," BY PARIS BORDONE (1500-1571): FROM THE BREHA GALLERY, MILAN.



"SALOME," BY TITIAN (1480-1576): FROM THE COLLECTION OF PRINCE DORIA PAMPHILI, ROME.

The forthcoming Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House is rich in examples of the Venetian school of painting, to which all the above pictures belong. In Dr. André Blum's "Short History of Art" (English Version, edited by R. R. Tatlock) we find an account of the Bellini family, by whom, he says, Venetian art was reconstituted. "Giovanni Bellini," he writes, "excels his father and brother in the warmth of his colouring, which presages Titian. . . . Andrea Mantegna (1431-1506), born in Padua, allied himself with the Bellini, and was advised by them, though his work remained personal and very sculptural in its drawing. . . . In Mantua he worked on his vast *Triumph of Caesar*, now at Hampton Court, in

which ancient Rome is projected on the canvas with such power that it explains the enthusiasm of the Renaissance for the remains of the Græco-Latin civilisation. . . . Among Titian's pupils, Paris Bordone, of Treviso (1500-1571), should be mentioned. He proves himself to be a great artist in *The Return of St. Mark's Ring to the Doge*, in the Venice Academia." Regarding Titian's picture entitled "Salome," it will be remembered that, as related by St. Matthew, when the daughter of Herodias, having pleased Herod by her dancing, asked (by her mother's instructions) for John the Baptist's head as a reward, "his head was brought in a charger and given to the damsel, and she brought it to her mother."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN ART: MASTERPIECES OF RENAISSANCE PORTRAITURE FROM ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. J. JOHNSON, ROME.



"PORTRAIT OF ANGELO DONI" BY RAPHAEL (1483-1520): FROM THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



"PORTRAIT OF LA BELLA" BY TITIAN (1480-1576): FROM THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



"PORTRAIT OF DANIELE BARBARO" BY PAOLO VERONESE (1528-1588): FROM THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY MARCO BASAITI (1493-1520): FROM THE MORELLI COLLECTION, CARRARA GALLERY, BERGAMO.



"PORTRAIT OF A VENETIAN MAGISTRATE," BY TINTORETTO (1512-1594): FROM THE MUSEO DEL CASTELLO SPORZESCO, MILAN.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER," BY GUIDO RENI (1575-1642): FROM THE PINACOTECA, BOLOGNA.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY BARTOLOMMEO VENETO (c. 1480-1555): FROM THE CORSINI GALLERY, ROME.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH," BY LORENZO LOTTO (1480-1566): FROM THE MUSEO DEL CASTELLO SPORZESCO, MILAN.

We reproduce here some of the finest masterpieces in portraiture included among the wonderful assemblage of Renaissance pictures sent from Italy to London for the forthcoming Exhibition at Burlington House. Most of the above examples belong to the Venetian school, the exceptions being the Raphael, the Guido Reni, and, to some extent, the portrait by Bartolommeo Veneto, who, though a pupil of Gentile Bellini at Venice, was later influenced by the Milanese school. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" says of him: "He lived for some time at Cremona and also worked at Ferrara. . . . He was until recently almost unknown, and it is mainly due to the researches of Giovanni Morelli and Adolfo Venturi that he was identified as the author of a few striking paintings. One of his finest portraits is that of Lodovico Martinengo (1530) in the National Gallery, London." An interesting reference to the work of Raphael in portraiture occurs in the book already mentioned (on page 1150)—"A Short History of Art," by Dr. André Blum. "He also found time (we read) to paint portraits

of Baldassare Castiglioni (Louvre), Alexander Farnese (Naples Museum), Julius II. (Uffizi), Leo X. (Pitti Palace), and *La Velata*, the beautiful unknown girl who was his mistress and who appears in so many of his religious pictures. . . . Dying at an age when others are only beginning their work, he succeeded, before the age of thirty-seven, in painting . . . a great number of other religious pictures. To him belongs the credit of having made Rome the artistic centre of Italy. . . . Titiano Vecelli, called Titian (1480-1576), is associated with Giorgione's work. One of the essential traits of his genius consists in establishing a perfect harmony between his figures and their backgrounds. Titian is an incomparable portraitist. His contemporary, Lorenzo Lotto, escaped his influence and that of Giorgione. Certain qualities recall Correggio, but he added a touch of melancholy. This combination of sadness and gentleness is also to be found in his portraits. Jacopo Robusti, known as Tintoretto (1512-1594) differs entirely from Paolo Veronese in preferring a fiery harshness which derives from Michelangelo."

THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION: VENETIAN AND OTHER MASTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDERSON, ROME.



"ST. JEROME," BY CIMA DA CONEGLIANO (1459-1517): FROM THE BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.



"ATALANTA," BY GUIDO RENI (1575-1642): FROM THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY, NAPLES.

"PORTRAIT OF
PACE SPINI," BY
G. B. MORONI
(c. 1520-1578):
FROM THE
CARRARA
GALLERY,
BERGAMO.



"THE MADONNA OF THE ROSES,"
BY BERNARDINO LUINI (1470-1533): FROM THE
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.

"PORTRAIT OF
ANTEA," BY
PARMIGIANINO
(FRANCESCO
MAZZOLA,
1504-1540): FROM
THE ROYAL
NATIONAL
GALLERY,
NAPLES.



"THE VIRGIN, CHILD, AND ST. JOHN," BY PAOLO VERONESE
(1528-1588): FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. BARNABA, VENICE.

"THE FLIGHT
INTO EGYPT,"
BY CARAVAGGIO
(1569-1609):
FROM THE
COLLECTION OF
PRINCE DORIA
PAMPHILI,
ROME.



Here and on the three preceding pages we give further examples (in addition to those reproduced in our last two numbers) from the rich treasure of Old Masters sent on loan from Italy for the great Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House from January 1 to March 8. For the general reader a useful survey of the Italian schools is to be found in "A Short History of Art," by Dr. André Blum, translated from the French, and edited by R. R. Tatlock (published by B. T. Batsford). A few extracts regarding the painters represented above may be of interest. Thus, in a chapter on the Venetian School, we read: "Paolo Caliari, called Veronese, born in Verona (1528-1588), is one of the masters

of Venetian decoration. 'Thou art the glory of Venetian painting,' Titian said to him. He came for a time under the influence of Titian, but gradually his true personality asserted itself. He loved the splendour of materials and costumes, magnificent buildings, feasts, banquets, and concerts.' The Venetian school also included Cima da Conegliano, Giovanni Battista Moroni, and Francesco Mazzola, known as Parmigianino. Discussing the Milanese school and Leonardo da Vinci, the authors write: "The school of Leonardo includes many followers. The most popular is Bernardino Luini (1470-1533), though he came also under Bramante's influence. 'Many of his works are in the Brera.'"

THE "BURNEY SHIP" MAKES HER MAIDEN FLIGHT: "R 100"—THE SECOND NEW GIANT DIRIGIBLE.



THE ARRIVAL OF "R 100" AT CARDINGTON AFTER A PROSPEROUS MAIDEN FLIGHT FROM HER "BIRTHPLACE" AT HOWDEN, IN YORKSHIRE: THE GREAT AIR-SHIP DROPPING BALLAST BEFORE MOORING.

The second of the big new British airships, "R 100," built by the Airship Guarantee Company, at Howden, Yorkshire, and generally known as the "Burney ship," from her association with Sir Dennistoun Burney, was successfully launched from the Howden hangar just before dawn on December 16, for her maiden flight. First passing over York, she reached the Royal Airship Works at Cardington, Bedford, at 11.15 a.m., and after an hour's cruise was safely attached to the

mooring-mast, ready to undergo the same series of trials as her companion ship, "R 101," before being taken over by the State. Everything passed off very satisfactorily during the launch, flight, and mooring operations. On December 17, "R 100" made a second flight of six hours, and on the 18th she was put into the second hangar at Cardington for certain adjustments. Her cost is given as £440,000, compared with £427,000 for "R 101," not counting preliminary research.

THE BEATIFICATION OF 136 ENGLISH MARTYRS: THE POPE AT A CEREMONY IN ST. PETER'S.



POPE PIUS XI. AT THE FINAL STAGE OF THE BEATIFICATION CEREMONIES: HIS HOLINESS (IN CENTRE) KNEELING IN PRAYER.

The concluding ceremonies connected with the beatification of 136 English martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took place in St. Peter's, at Rome, on December 17. A special tribune had been erected for their descendants, among whom were the Duke of Norfolk and his mother, the Duchess. In the morning the brief of beatification was read, and a painting representing the "Glory" of the newly blessed was unveiled. In the afternoon, the Pope himself came into

St. Peter's to inaugurate the cult of the newly beatified. He was carried in his gestatorial chair, preceded by the members of the Sacred College and surrounded by his Court and Guards. Descending from the chair, he knelt in front of the painting, while a blessing was pronounced by the Rector of the English College. Afterwards the Pope was presented with a book describing the lives of the English martyrs, and a reliquary of one of them. He then returned to the Vatican.

KLADRUBY HORSES: A HISTORIC BREED REPRESENTED AT OLYMPIA.



ONE OF THE PRESENT BREEDING STALLIONS IN THE CZECH STATE STUD AT KLADRUBY, FOUNDED IN 1565 BY THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN II.: "GENERAL XXXV."—AN OLD KLADRUBY STALLION.

THE historic breed of horses here illustrated is at present represented in Mr. Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia by six specimens of the Lipiziana type, purchased by Mr. Ernest Schumann from the royal stables at Vienna when the stud was dispersed on the death of the late Emperor of Austria. "Until recently," Mr. Mills is reported to have said, "not one of these horses had ever been sold out of the country. . . . They are beautiful creatures, and Republican Austria is quite as proud of them as the late Emperor himself was." The following article, which reaches us from a distinguished Czechoslovakian correspondent, describes the history of the breed. "In late Renaissance and early Baroque times there was bred in Northern Italy, by crossing Spanish and Eastern stallions with the heavy native horse of the Alps, a powerful carriage-horse for drawing those huge carriages, the consummate workmanship of which we admire to-day in museums, in Wouwermann's paintings, Rüdinger's engravings, and old Dresden china. Harnessed to them we see strong but noble, high-stepping horses with flat-nosed head and cropped ears, with powerful, high-planted neck and long, flying mane. . . . In Bohemia the Emperor Maximilian II. founded, in 1565, for breeding these horses, the royal stud

[Continued in Box 2.]



FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE OLD ITALIAN BREED, BUT NOW EXTINCT IN ITALY AND MAINTAINED IN BOHEMIA: "GENERALE NOBLESSA," ONE OF THE EARLIER KLADRUBY BREEDING STALLIONS.



AS FORMERLY EMPLOYED FOR THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA: A TEAM OF SIX OLD KLADRUBY GRAYS HARNESSED TO A STATE COACH OUTSIDE THE PALACE AT VIENNA.

[Continued.]

not found much favour with Bohemian horse-breeders, and the Old Kladruby herd, numbering to-day forty individuals of pure breed, no longer forms part of the stud's activity. Negotiations are in progress to transfer the entire herd, as a non-paying element, from Kladruby to some other estate, as draught-animals. Such a measure, of course, would mean the extermination of this ancient breed, whose disappearance would be deplorable from a biological point of view. . . . Perhaps some other country, where the breeding of horses is appreciated, might acquire the Old Kladruby herd from Czechoslovakia, and so preserve this ancient and famous breed from extinction."



A TEAM OF FOUR OLD KLADRUBY STALLIONS, OF THE "GENERAL" TYPE: SPECIMENS OF A HISTORIC BREED IN THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN STATE STUD AT KLADRUBY, ON THE ELBE.

at Kladruby, one of the oldest studs in Europe. . . . Thanks to the maintenance of ceremonial at the Court of Vienna, the breed of the Old Italian horse survived at Kladruby, even when this horse went out of fashion. . . . So it became a special Czech breed, and it has continued there to this day, that is, for more than 350 years. . . . When, early in the nineteenth century, the breeding of the Old Italian horse ceased in Italy, all that could be done at Kladruby was to preserve this breed, without adding new blood, by in-breeding. . . . The breed was kept in two herds of iron-grey and black horses, each in two lines of stallions called after progenitors, namely, General and Generalissimus among the iron-grey horses, Sacramos and Napoleon among the black horses. . . . Nor did this consanguineous breeding—carried on for more than 120 years—lead to any evil consequences in shape, fertility, or health. To-day the breed is represented by individuals remarkable for size, power, and elegance. . . . Under the Austrian régime the Old Kladruby stallions were brought as carriage-horses to the Court of Vienna, but the remaining stallions were used, up to the 'nineties of last century, for domestic horse-breeding, with excellent results, as their descendants proved first-rate farm horses. . . . Under the Czechoslovakian Republic the former royal stud became the Country State Stud. . . . Owing to their white colour and old-fashioned appearance, the Old Kladruby horses have

[Continued below]

THE FATHER OF A ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT AS A MOUNTAINEER.



KING ALBERT (WHOSE DAUGHTER IS SOON TO MARRY THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT) ROCK-CLIMBING IN THE DOLOMITES:
HIS MAJESTY (CENTRE ABOVE, AND ON RIGHT BELOW) RESTING ON A PEAK WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

The King of the Belgians is at present preparing to attend the wedding of his only daughter, Princess Marie José, to the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy. It was stated a few weeks ago that the ceremony would take place in Rome on January 8, the birthday of Queen Elena, the bridegroom's mother. These very interesting photographs of the bride's father illustrate the adventurous side of his character. The courage which King Albert displayed during the war appears also in his choice of recreations. He is, for example, a frequent traveller by aeroplane, and, when the time for

winter sports arrives, he is usually to be found in the Alps. Before the season begins it is generally his custom to spend a month or so in rock-climbing. Here we see him on top of a peak in the Dolomites, near Trentino, resting after a hard ascent with his guides and companions. In the upper group King Albert is in the centre, with Signor Silvio Agostini (left) and Signor Carlo Valentini. Below, the King is on the right; with Signor Agostini (centre) and his brother, Mario Agostini, on the left. King Albert, it will be noticed, wears a *béret* and spectacles.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

"A HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND IRISH GLASS."

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

was at one time famous throughout all Europe.

Readers of this page will be fairly familiar with the evolution of glass from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century. They will possibly know little or nothing about the personalities, of greater or less enterprise, who laid the foundations of the industry in the previous centuries. The story is fascinating: French immigrants from Lorraine,

had fully grasped the advantages to be derived from a vertical organisation. He arranged for the provision of his raw material with great sagacity.

The clay that was best suited for glass-making came from Stourbridge, which place had always been an important centre of the industry. His enemies tampered with the consignments, so that the pots cracked and the metal was lost. "Partly on this account, and partly from difficulties of transport, Mansell was led to procure clay by sea from various places on the Continent, notably Spa, Paris, and Rouen; and for the Newcastle glasshouses a satisfactory clay was discovered locally."

A pugnacious, hard man, who gave no quarter and expected none. A tyrant, if you will, as was natural in a man who possessed a monopoly from the Government and who, in addition to that, had the type of mind which will brook no opposition.

Nor was his wife less gifted with clear-sightedness. Here is the story. "In 1621 Mansell was placed in command of a naval expedition to Spain and Algiers" (a notable instance, this, of the usual method of choosing a commander), "and during his absence on this service the Scottish shipmasters—probably seduced by the Bongar confederacy, which was then using every

(Continued on page 1162.)



MADE FOR CHARLES II.'S CORONATION: A FLUTE OF SODA-GLASS.

The bowl is diamond-engraved with the inscription, "God Bless King Charles the Second," a bust of him, and a stump of an oak-tree. Made for his coronation in 1660, "probably in an English glasshouse worked by Italians and engraved by a Netherlandish hand. Height, 17 in."

From the Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter.

It is a good deal more than a mere collector's *vade mecum*. It is, in addition, a serious contribution to economic history, for its subject is not only style and form, but the underlying causes, whether social or industrial, which determined the direction that English glass-making took throughout the centuries; and, even where actual specimens of a particular period are non-existent, documents, petitions, old accounts, and so on, are used as the sources from which may be deduced the development of the industry. The result is an extremely well-balanced story of the vicissitudes of a trade which



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CURIOSITY: "A BIRD-BATH, G.L. BLOWN AND MOULDED, WITH MAN'S HEAD AND A 'HAT OF THE RAMILLIE CLOCK,' AND CLOSER BELOW. PERHAPS MADE BY T. MEYER, ABOUT 1705 (HEIGHT 6 IN.)."

From the Guildhall Museum.



AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY EXAMPLE: A GOBLET OF ENGLISH LEAD-GLASS WITH DECORATION STIPPLED IN DIAMOND POINT BY FRANS GREENWOOD OF DORDRECHT AND ROTTERDAM (1680-1762).

"The glass English (probably Newcastle-on-Tyne), about 1710-20; the engraving about 1725. Height, 11½ in."

In the Possession of Sir John S. Risley.

Venetian wanderers, intrigues, malicious burnings, backstairs conspiracies, craftsmen financed by big business, astute capitalists who were sometimes not sufficiently astute to allow their skilled managers a free hand on the production end of the business—all this and much more is narrated at length

DATED 1586: A GOBLET OF SODA-GLASS BEARING THE LEGEND "IN GOD IS ALL MI TRUST."

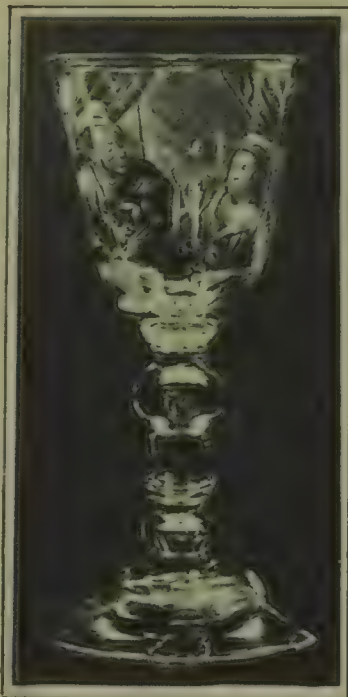
"Ovate bowl divided by two applied bands into three zones, and engraved with the diamond in line. Probably Anglo-Venetian and made in the Broad Street Glasshouse during its tenure by Giacomo Verzelini; perhaps engraved by Anthony de Lysle. Height, 5½ in."

From the British Museum.

in Mr. Thorpe's pages. On the whole, the business man does not show up very well. He makes profits, it is true, and sometimes losses; but the nearer he approximates to our modern ideal of the competent hustler, the less lasting effect he seems to have upon glass-making as such.

Ravenscroft is the important figure in the seventeenth century, for his discovery of glass of lead was the real foundation of the esteem in which English glass was held in the years that followed. Yet that remarkable business man, Sir Robert Mansell, is of very real interest, if only because of his dominating personality.

His career is treated at length in this volume, and furnishes a good example of an early industrialist who



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ANGLO-VENETIAN EXAMPLE: A GOBLET OF SODA-GLASS PROBABLY MADE BY VERZELINI FOR A WEDDING.

"The bowl diamond-engraved in line; below the rim a hunting scene of a stag, unicorn, and two hounds . . . below panels containing respectively (the names) John and Jane Dier, 1581, and the royal arms as borne by Queen Elizabeth. Anglo-Venetian, probably made in the Broad Street Glasshouse by Giacomo Verzelini; the engraving perhaps by Anthony de Lysle. Probably a marriage glass for John and Joan Dyer, the names mis-spelt by a foreign engraver. Height, 8½ in."

In the Possession of Wilfred Buckley, Esq.



A STRIKING VIENNESE EXAMPLE OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY WORK: A GROUP OF WRESTLERS FASHIONED IN BLOWN AND DRAWN GLASS.

In the Possession of Mrs. Hamish Miles.

All these illustrations are reproduced from "A History of English and Irish Glass," by W. A. Thorpe, Vol. II., by courtesy of the Publishers, the Medici Society.

"TORNADO"-LIKE SOLAR CLOUDS: EFFECTS OF LIGHT-PRESSURE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)



POISED BETWEEN THE "PUSH" OF LIGHT AND THE "PULL" OF GRAVITY: CLOUDS OF ATOMS ON THE SUN KEPT IN SUSPENSION TILL THEY LOSE THEIR ELECTRONS AND FALL BACK ON TO THE SOLAR SURFACE.

"From the many beautiful photographs of the sun taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory and elsewhere," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "some very interesting deductions have been made concerning the remarkable influence of light-pressure upon the clouds which surround the sun. The rays of light emitted by the sun exert a pressure, or 'push,' upon any solid body upon which they fall. So enormous is this pressure that even at the earth's great distance from the sun the 'push' upon the sunlit hemisphere is equivalent to 75,000 tons. And it has been calculated that, although gravitation at the sun's surface exceeds terrestrial gravity some twenty-seven times, yet it is less than the upward 'push' of light, so that the atoms comprising the solar clouds (chiefly the atoms of hydrogen, helium, sodium, and calcium) are

driven upward by light-pressure, and become suspended at a height where the 'push' of light and the 'pull' of gravity exactly balance one another. Here they often remain in suspension for months, and even years. Indeed, there would apparently be nothing to disturb their equilibrium were it not that they ultimately become ionised, or stripped of electrons. Henceforth they lose the support of light-pressure, and fall back into the sun under the 'pull' of gravity. Thus the general upward movement of atoms under excess light-pressure exactly compensates the atoms which are continually falling, or getting into an ionised state. The impact which the falling atoms make upon the heavier atoms below may cause them to be again flung up to a great height."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"TYPHOON": DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY'S ACHIEVEMENT.—GLORIOUS ENGLISH MARIONETTES.

THERE are two aspects—the play and the atmosphere. "Typhoon" is strong drama, within an ace of melodrama according to European ideas. But the Japanese, in spite of their amazing assimilation of Western methods and ideas—a tendency whose development may prove destructive to a strong race—are the veriest antithesis of the European. Their ideas of honour, of loyalty to home and country; their subordination of the individual to any great cause; their mutual control exercised by young and old alike, diverge widely from ours. There seems to be but one great fundamental power in common—passion. For the sake of Héléne, the Parisian *cocotte*, Takeramo, entrusted with a grave mission, a personage of importance and earnestness beyond his years, failed to rise to the foremost chapter of the code of honour in his country. The woman rendered him suspect to his surroundings, the woman who loathed him yet was attracted by him; who played fast and loose, who deceived, inflamed him with passion, drove him to murder, and in the aftermath to suicide. Nature was mightier than principle. Yet Takeramo was necessary to the cause of his country, so he had to be spared to accomplish his work. Who would take up the burden of guilt? was the question which went round among his friends when, after the *crime passionnel*, he had convened them. And the answer was—all. Where Nippon is concerned, every man knows his duty. The judge who examines the case *in camera* is faced by an impenetrable maze. The craft of Western justice is powerless. So well do the accused and the guilty play their parts that when Takeramo bursts into confession he is not believed. Yet, when Takeramo had lied to accomplish his task, he knew that the moral code of his country would, in another form, exact the punishment that should fit the crime. Takeramo had to expiate by his own hand; and to his friends, to whom he had surrendered his completed work, there was no horror in this fatal issue. Watchful, they sat by his side, sipped the farewell tea and, smoked the peaceful cigarette; then they let him retire behind a screen in the room which was the image of a Japanese intimate interior, and a groan told them that honour, as Nippon understands it, was satisfied. Hara-kiri is hallowed suicide—it means retreat into eternity with flying colours. The scene, handled with great discretion, is harrowing to a degree, but it is the only solution. It crystallises, as it were, all the ideas of a civilisation that is alien to ours.

The play, in our eyes, has changed but little since 1913, although the circumstances have, and it is strange to reflect that it was then produced under the auspices of members of the Japanese Embassy! For, in spite of all the brave extolling of patriotism, self-sacrifice, filial devotion, and respect of elders, it does not show the Japanese in an edifying light. But that is another story, and our main interest now centres not so much in the merits of the play—which Laurence Irving considerably altered when he adapted the Hungarian original—but in how it was acted by the principal interpreter,

Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry. And now let me say that this young artist—who in his curtain-speech so feelingly said that he owed it to his descent to break away from crook-plays and grotesque characters—surpassed our keenest expectations. Mr. Edgar Norfolk, superb in the character of the wayward,

prepares hara-kiri, a pained curve of his lips, a heavy droop of the eyelids, stand for all outward emotion. He is the true Japanese then; we shall never know what goes on within that tortured soul. An almost beautiful ending to a terrible event! This aloofness of expression is the chief merit of this, to me, faultless creation, which raises the character to the heroic and its interpreter to a place in the histrionic sun.



"THE MIKADO"—RE-DRESSED BY CHARLES RICKETTS: MR. DARRELL FANCOURT AS THE MIKADO OF JAPAN, AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

"The Mikado" was revived on December 16 for a fortnight.

absinthe-addicted publicist, and Mr. George Merritt in a humorous portrayal of a typical French *juge d'instruction*, gave performances which will dwell in memory.

I would not compare Mr. Neilson-Terry's Takeramo with Laurence Irving's by this time classic creation. There is no occasion for that—does one

An empty house off Park Lane. Tiers of seats for about sixty people. A stage so small that Gulliver might have brought it with him, piecemeal, from his travels. An air of excited expectation infecting the human children of all ages gathered in the Lilliputian auditorium. Then the silvery, impersonal tinkle of a spinet against the tonal background of a muted violin. And the curtain rose on Mr. William Simmonds's Puppet Show. From behind black-velvet draperies a golden, sinuous figure glided out—a puppet Harlequin whose every movement of feet and head and hands was a magic incarnation of rhythmic loveliness. With the advent of Columbine he literally seemed to become alive as she, with luring, elfin coyness, now half-surrendered, now fled from him. Before the end of this first item I knew that here, at last, were marionettes, English-made, that, for perfection of design and structure, for delicacy of handling and choreographic grace, could not be bettered anywhere.

By profession Mr. Simmonds is a sculptor, and, as such, he treats his work in terms of plastic material. Never was there more exquisite modelling than that of the circus horse Snowball and the fairy figure of his little rider erect upon his back. As to the elephant, it is almost impossible to believe that he is not a living, moving animal seen through the wrong end of a telescope. The troubadour in "Serenade" is an exquisite example of design and pose, as is, too, the dance of Silvy and Damon in the bird-haunted wood.

"The Scene Shifters' Shift" was perhaps a little above the heads of the very juvenile people in the audience; for the adults it provided the humorous *pièce de résistance* of the programme. It is, in miniature, a perfect example of a revue-sketch such as might well have been staged by Mr. Cochran himself. The manipulation of the stage-hand's brush when he is suddenly called upon to paint in a missing "scenery tree" is masterly.

With so much that is artistically gracious and satisfying, it seems like carping to touch on the one weakness of the whole performance, and that is a certain lack, in

most of the items, of any dramatic tension or climax. One feels that Mr. Simmonds would be well advised to seek the assistance of a producer with practical knowledge of stage technique. In his own line of figure-design and manipulation he is—certainly in England—incomparable. All that is needed to make his puppet show one of the best in all Europe is more effective production. The perfectly formed and handled material is already there. The collaboration of a fellow-artist with a sense of theatrical values and rhythm would produce a sculptured unity of form and drama.



MR. DEREK OLDHAM AS NANKI-POO.



MISS BERTHA LEWIS AS KATISHA.



MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE AS POOH-BAH.

judge all the *Dames aux Camellias* by the standard of Sarah Bernhardt? The two artists were as different as the Poles. Laurence was an austere figure in life as on the stage; Dennis Neilson-Terry is a suave personality, with *fortiter in re* at the root. Their readings must necessarily be far apart, and each had its individual justification. Only twice during the drama does he let his impulses run amok. The rest is composure, restraint, almost callous aloofness. When painfully, carefully, as if it were a toilet function previous to some ceremony, he

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE WAY TO TEST A NEW MODEL.

THE question was put to me the other day whether cars of the latest type need such careful examination and trial before purchase as those of a few years ago; whether they could not be taken largely on trust—or, if you like, on the word of the manufacturer. Although, for myself, I would not dream of buying any car of any type or price without a very searching trial indeed, I think there may be something behind that question. Cars in their price-classes certainly put up very similar performances, with variations which would not perhaps be noticed by any except the most exacting or the most experienced of buyers, and, in a general way, it might almost be said that, if the XYZ picks up well on top and reaches a decent maximum on the level, one need not go to the trouble of finding a steep hill on which to prove its worth on the lower gears. Almost, but not quite. I know more or less what the man was thinking of who put that question to me, but, although quite a lot may be taken on trust in a new model by a firm with a reputation to lose, I would never accept anyone's statement about hill-climbing, smoothness of engine-running, or brakes.

"Trying It on the Dog."

One should be able to have perfect confidence in construction and design nowadays. Neither may be exactly what you would have chosen had you had the building of the car, but you may usually be fairly certain that "things will work properly." Few firms now practise that fatal trick of "trying it on the dog"—the dog being the public. Experiments are made at their proper time and in their proper place, and it is only rarely that the public has to pay for them. When it does, it takes peculiar pains never to be caught again, and the firm which lets them down pays for it heavily in the long run.

Nearly all cars to-day are very good indeed, but even now I find, in the course of my trials of new models, that there are often the most astonishing lapses from a proper standard in one way or another. The other day I took out one of the best cars I have ever driven—lively, fast, smooth-running, silent, and flexible. Its steering was quite bad, and it had been let out of the factory before the brakes had been got exactly right. They were very fierce. Everything else about the car was quite

first-class, yet the strange kink which is to be found in most clever people's brains had allowed an otherwise excellent car to be offered to the public with indifferent steering and brakes—the two things the average man would notice first.

Things You would Not Believe.

You would hardly believe that, any more than you would believe that firms turning out cars of the highest price would offer them for sale fitted with gear-boxes in which it is practically impossible to make a decent change, and springs which would have disgraced quite ordinary cars years ago. Nor does it sound credible that a car costing over £700 in 1930, should have a six-cylinder engine which vibrates continuously throughout its range. I know one. And I know an eight-cylinder which has the worst pick-up for its power of any car I know. It is very charming in its ways, but it doesn't go. It will crawl about on top in the most "expensive" manner, at about three miles an hour, in a deathly silence, but when you ask it to hurry, on any gear, nothing happens.

"Watch All the Time."

These are, of course, exceptions, but you should never forget that such exceptions may exist when you are thinking of buying any car. All serious-minded agents will give you any reasonable trial of the car they want to sell you, and you should take full advantage of the opportunity to find out everything about it. Do not allow yourself to be dazzled by one feature or another, to be blinded to the brakes' defects by the silence of the engine, for example, or to forget how rough the gear-change is because of the excellence of the springs or the lightness of the steering. Watch everything, all the time.

The Wily Demonstrator.

Of course, cars go much better to-day than ever they did, but do not let yourself be mesmerised into the belief that they could not be made to go a great deal better, that there are no points to criticise. Some—indeed, quite a number—have so few bad points, and those so unimportant, that you do not pay real attention to them; but you must approach the trial of a new car in a spirit of the most hostile criticism. If the demonstrator is one of those garrulous fellows who hope to distract one's attention by a torrent of tall tales, you will not

find it difficult to maintain that critical attitude; but if he is of that cleverest, most subtle sort, who say nothing, ask no questions, but answer any—men, in short, who are the best salesmen in the world—be very much on your guard. Every car that is built has at least one fault, probably half a dozen. It is very important that you should realise this and put the proper value on these defects. They may be fatal or trifling, but you must find out which.

The Best Test Routes.

Obviously, the best place for a trial is in your own part of the country, where conditions are familiar and you know exactly what to hope the car will do. You have, ready-made, an excellent standard of comparison, as you have probably driven over those roads scores of times in different types of cars. If, for any reason, you are not able to hold the trial in familiar surroundings, you should take trouble to plan a really effective test-course. This must include at least a couple of miles of heavy traffic, a good open stretch on which the car can be properly let out, and two hills, one a really steep one, and the other a long, easy one, on which you can discover whether the engine will pick up readily after a check. The first points to notice are the steering, brakes, and seat-comfort. Other things are more important, but, no matter how good a car is, you will never like it unless it steers itself, stops itself (to put it broadly), and carries you without discomfort. Suspension comes next, for the same reason. When you are satisfied that these essentials pass muster, you can begin to put everything else to the test. Start on bottom gear, "rev" up the engine fairly high, and then change into second and third and top, keeping the engine-speed at the "hurry" figure. This will tell you what you want to know about the gear-box, the willingness of the engine to accelerate, and the normal maximum speeds on each gear. On a clear road press the engine to somewhere near its limit, noticing carefully if there is any bad vibration-period.

Learn more about the gear-box by changing down early at as high speeds as you can manage it. A box which will not allow you to do this will put you out of conceit with the best of engines, and, by spoiling its hill-climbing, make you hate the whole car before very long. Finally, mark very carefully how the car holds the road round corners and on treacherous surfaces.

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(Without Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking down the Strand,
And all the little Oysters came
And followed hand in hand,
"If we but had some Guinness now,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven men with seven tongues
Talked on till all was blue,
Could they give all the reasons why
Guinness is good for you?"—
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
"But that it's good is true."

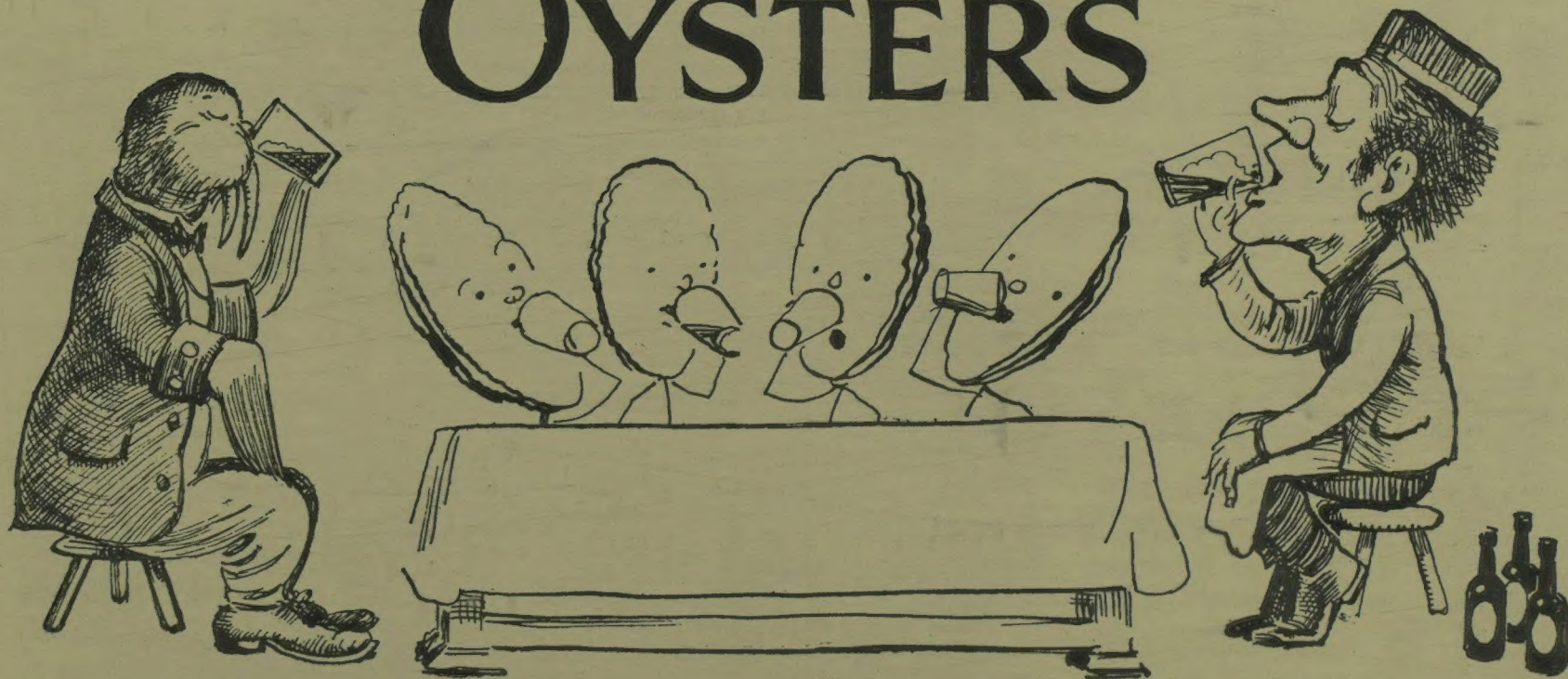
The Walrus and the Carpenter
Sat down at once to sup,
The Oysters, too, went smoothly down,
And Guinness crowned the cup—
And not a word was spoken more
Till all was finished up!



GUINNESS

AND

OYSTERS



MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMFORD, R.N.

A FEW years ago I was in search of a yacht at a low price. Like many others in such circumstances, I inspected many craft that were unsuitable. At last, however, particulars arrived of a vessel that seemed to meet all requirements. As she is still afloat, I will suppress her real name and call her the *Tranquillity*. She sounded so attractive, and the agent was so enthusiastic over her that, forgetting many previous disappointments, my wife elected to accompany me on a hundred-mile winter motor drive to see her. In spite of a persistent rain *en route*, we waxed quite romantic over her, especially the name, which we thought so appropriate for a floating home. On arrival at our destination we found, after much difficulty, our "dream ship" lying in a deplorable condition on the mud. We stepped on board with fast-gathering fears, and, after one withering glance round the decks, my wife silently returned ashore. Deeming it my duty to look below, though I felt it would be useless, I made a thorough inspection, only to find that my wife's estimation was correct. Ruefully I returned ashore, where I was greeted by a cheery native with "What der yer think of *Tranquillity*?" and, on my replying that I should hate to tell him, he followed up by asking whether I knew why she was given her name. I didn't know, neither did I care, and I said so; whereupon he said that the reason she was called *Tranquillity* was because she had been launched in the year peace was declared after the Crimean War! I believe that yacht is sound even to-day, and there are many older. No one buys a boat with the idea of keeping her for eighty years, but it pays to own one that will last as

long, for it ensures a good second-hand price, though her initial cost is greater.

Everyone wants an expensive boat for a small sum, and many want a 40-foot cruiser who only own the price of a 30-footer. The only way I know to do this is to pay down the price of the 30-foot boat and arrange to pay the balance on the deferred-payment system. When buying a new boat from a builder on the deferred-payment system, the buyer is advised,

£8 per registered ton, whilst, if unregistered, there is a liability for full damage. Many difficulties are overcome also when foreign ports are visited.

To cite one of the best deferred-payment companies, the following is the procedure when buying a boat through them. A is the seller, B the buyer (or hirer), and DC the deferred-payment company. A gets full payment for the boat, made up by one-quarter from B and three-quarters from DC. The

DC, therefore, discounts bills for A and collects them when due from B. If B defaults, DC has recourse to A, and, if A does not pay, DC can sell the boat. A, therefore, has a liability if B defaults. His best safeguard, therefore, is to obtain a substantial deposit and to deal only with a first-class DC, whose inquiries are of such a nature that business would only be entertained with those individuals who would fulfil their obligations. It is this liability of A that causes many owners of second-hand yachts to refuse to sell them on the deferred system. If, however, they demand one-third of the purchase price as deposit instead of a quarter, their risk is negligible, for the buyer must insure the vessel in every case.

A registered owner who sells his boat on deferred terms would prepare a Ships Bill of Sale (forms from the Custom House), and, when completed, the buyer prepares and signs a Declaration of

Ownership, which is presented with the Bill of Sale at the Custom House of the Port of Registration. The new owner would also give a mortgage on the vessel, covering the deferred terms, on a special form obtainable from the Custom House. This mortgage is also registered, but before the mortgagee parts with his money he must be careful to inspect the register at the Custom House to see whether or not there is any previous charge on the boat.



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after paying the usual deposit of one-quarter the price, to register her in his own name. Every vessel should be registered (though it is not compulsory) with the Board of Trade. It is not a troublesome or expensive matter, and only entails application to the Custom House of the Port at which it is intended to register. The advantages of registration are that liability for damage in the event of being in the wrong is restricted to



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A KANGAROO HUNT IN QUEENSLAND.

(Continued from Page 1138.)

was learning his first lesson! Brindle attacked bravely though with no great heart. The old man turned his attention to him. Beside him, rubbing against his body as it rose, a bedraggled and half-drowned Collie rose to the surface and swam dejectedly ashore. He had had enough—more than enough! Brindle barked while he swam round the old man; Snap added his chorus from the bank; Collie half-heartedly supplied an encore; and the old man stood there motionless and in silence. Brindle, after completing another circuit and barking three times, swam to the bank and came out, and neither of the other dogs cared to go in. They all stood on the bank and barked at the old man, daring him to come out and fight.

Ernie and Dave had an inspiration. They dismounted from their panting horses and picked up an ironbark sapling. With a length of rope they made a running noose and essayed to lasso the old man as he stood in the water. But their efforts were vain. When the menace came to him, the 'roo used casually to lift his hand and ward it off. With a snake-like twist of his head he evaded any flung efforts to catch him, and things were very much as-you-were. Ernie and Dave sat on the bank to discuss other means of capture. Each suggested riding in and dropping the noose over the old man's head. Each agreed it was a good idea—a really brilliant notion—and each magnanimously offered to the other the honour of the achievement. They were good fellows, were Ernie and Dave, and unselfish in the extreme—neither would rob the other of the pleasure of the capture.

While they debated, and while the dogs lay panting beside them, the old man reckoned he had done enough. He turned, with many a backward glance, and slowly waded across the dam and up the other bank. There he paused for a second to lick himself, and then he hopped steadily across the flat and away among the trees. The dogs started up, and were called to heel. "He's earned his freedom," said Dave. "Still, I'm sorry we didn't get that rope round his neck and pull him out."

"So am I," the photographer agreed. "If you'd done that I'd have had some good snaps. But I'd have needed a very quick-action movie camera to have taken you when you tried to take the noose off again when you wanted to let him go!"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from Page 1130.)

British Trials. With this book may be appropriately bracketed two new illustrated volumes of a kindred series—Famous Trials—namely, "THE BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERY." Edited by George Dilnot, a famous case in which the late Lord Halsbury (then Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Q.C.) was leading counsel for the prosecution; and "THE TRIAL OF HERBERT JOHN BENNETT." The Yarmouth Beach Murder. With an Introduction by Edgar Wallace (Bles; 10s. 6d. each). Bennett was ably defended by the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who believed in the prisoner's innocence of this particular crime, but considered his "taking off" no great loss to the community.

Finally, as a strong rear-guard to this regiment of criminological works, comes one that will appeal especially to our readers, who will remember the author's fascinating articles on the scientific detection of crime published in these pages last year. Some of the material has been recast, I fancy, for "THE FORGOTTEN CLUE." Tales and Methods of the Sûreté. By H. Ashton-Wolfe. Illustrated with Official Photographs (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). Here, again, the author gives us thrills of "real-life detection" which, by virtue of their authenticity, surpass anything in fiction. At the same time, it is interesting to learn that modern police methods owe something to the suggestions of such writers as Emile Gaboriau and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and that the ingenuities of Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes have been adopted and amplified. In this connection I may recall that Mr. Evelyn Graham, incidentally alluding to Sherlock Holmes, points out the indebtedness of his "onlie begetter" to Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe concludes his absorbing book with some very pertinent remarks on the theory and practice of punishment. C. E. B.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.—(Continued from Page 1154)

artifice to impede the business of Mansell and so to procure the repeal of his privilege—with no warning whatever, raised their charges from fourteen shillings to twenty-four shillings per ton. The increase appears to have been quite prohibitive, and Mansell's London works came to a standstill. But in this grave predicament Lady Mansell, who was in control of the business during her husband's absence, showed great firmness and enterprise. The use of Newcastle coal was a thing never previously attempted or even thought possible in London. The richness of the Tyne coal-fields was not widely known at this time, and its use was probably limited to local workers, such as the Lorraine glassmakers who were beginning to establish

their furnaces in that region. Lady Mansell... at once opened negotiations, and the plan was so successful that three years later (about 1624) the importation of Scottish coal seems to have entirely ceased, and a fleet of forty vessels was regularly employed in bringing coal, saltpetre and finished plate glass from Newcastle." Truly, the business woman, who occupies so many columns of the popular papers, is no product of the twentieth century, nor of feminine emancipation.

One word more in a necessarily brief notice. Volume II. contains the illustrations, all very good, and an arrangement one wishes could be more frequently adopted, for it makes reference to the text easy instead of laborious. Some modern Swedish and Viennese glass is shown on the last four pages. We have yet to see English craftsmen of to-day producing anything so fine.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FAIRYLAND is said to be out of favour to-day with certain educational authorities; be that as it may, certainly we have received very few fairytales of the old type, and modern stories for children seem to be concerned more with animals and toys and everyday things. One exception is "Wonder Tales from Fairy Isles." England, Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, Man, and Ireland. By Frances Jenkin Olcott. Illustrated by Constance Whittemore (Longmans; 6s.). This is really an anthology in prose and verse, although the authorship is not always given, but the names mentioned include Shakespeare, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Yeats. Grimm and Andersen are represented in two small books called "The Little Brother and Sister" and "Thumbelina and Other Stories," both illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell (Raphael Tuck's Gem Library; 1s. 6d. each). With each of these little books are given two of Tuck's Musical Nursery Rhyme gramophone records. A companion volume is "Little David Copperfield, and Other Stories." Retold by Mary Angela Dickens and others. Illustrations by Harold Copping (Raphael Tuck; 1s. each). There is a Dickensian touch also about a charming little book bringing in various parts of London in a fanciful way, "The Tale of Tom Tiddler." By Eleanor Farjeon (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Another charming revival of an old favourite is a reprint of "Rab and his Friends." By John Brown, M.D. (Peter Davies; 2s. 6d.).

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